# The Nation

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## The Week

It was to have been expected that the income tax rate fixed originally by the Democratic caucus would not stand very long. Every such tax starts with a low percentage, and is then increased at the earliest opportunity, on some ground or other. We had not thought, however, that so radical a change would come before the bill had even become a law, as is now contemplated as a result of the revolt of radical Democrats. The *Nation* does not often find itself in agreement with Senator Lodge, but it must heartily endorse the position he took in the debate. The bill exempts from all burden the great middle class; it discriminates against people of wealth whether that wealth has been acquired by industry, as a result of a Congress-granted privilege, or in some other way creditable or discreditable. It exempts from taxation the great body of our citizens who ought to share their fair proportion of the tax, if only for the sobering effect it would have upon them to realize that the Federal Government does not get its money out of the air, but from their pockets, and that, therefore, it should expend the money wisely and economically.

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The House resolution authorizing an investigation of charges against Judge Speer, following so closely as it does the Archbald investigation and trial, is all the evidence the ordinary citizen will need to show him that the Constitution is not utterly powerless in the face of suspected or actual delinquency in our courts. Impeachment is not a weapon which may be seized by a handful of dissatisfied men, but it has a finality, and what is more important, a dignified and judicial method of procedure, about it, that advocates of the recall might well sigh for in their rude substitute for it. Indeed, it is the unjust judge who would naturally prefer the revolutionary device proposed by the Progressives. To be put off the bench by popular vote would not be pleasant, but the victim could very frequently solace himself and confuse many of the open-minded by pointing to the nature of the campaign which would almost inevitably precede such a vote. The upright judge, on the other hand, who had offended, not the popular sense of judicial propriety, but a popular interest or prejudice, would be greatly handicapped in employing the very arguments upon which his case would rest most solidly.

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Mr. Morgenthau's nomination as Ambassador to Turkey, long foreshadowed, insures for that post an incumbent of unusual ability, a clear-headed business man, who ought to repeat at Constantinople the successes of Oscar Straus. To do as well in every respect would rank Mr. Morgenthau one of the ablest Ambassadors the country has ever had. At least, in Turkey, the halcyon days of Mr. Straus's two periods of service are still gratefully remembered by Americans, while most of the other Ministers are forgotten. We do not know whether Mr. W. W. Rockhill, the present Ambassador, leaves the service voluntarily or not. He has spent virtually all his life in the State Department, or in China, Russia, and Turkey, and Mr. Wilson ought not to let him go out of the service if it can be avoided. Apparently, however, the President is going to make a clean sweep—something that is most regrettable, particularly in one who was so long devoted to the principles of civil service reform.

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The interest of next Monday's election in the Third Maine District will lie as much in its indication of the permanent consequences of the Progressive secession as in its reflection of public sentiment upon the tariff and currency bills. Last year the district had no Progressive candidate for Congress, but Forrest Goodwin, a Republican elected by a vote of 17,221, over 16,512 for S. W. Gould, Democrat, ran ahead of Col. Roosevelt by only 4,000 votes. The present election will show how many of these 13,000 Progressive voters can be held in line in a local contest, into which the personality of their national leader does not enter. The Maine papers find it difficult to regard the three-cornered fight as turning upon approval or disapproval of Democratic policies. Victor Murdock, however, tells the voters "there is no national hope in the partisan habit, a mechanical see-saw from one party to the other." The anxious dispatch of Democratic Cabinet officers and House leaders to the scene also reflects the sempiternal interest in Congressional elections that follow tariff legislation. The district was Republican before 1910 by consistent majorities of 3,500.

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While municipal home rule makes steady progress in second and third-class cities, its way in the larger centres seems beset with obstacles. At the Governors' Conference last week Gov. Dunne, in the words of the Chicago papers, "lamely excused" the Illinois Legislature's failure to pass a home-rule measure for the State metropolis. How little better off is New York, the attack by the Bureau of Municipal Research upon the laws recently passed at Albany would seem to show. Its report gains especial force from its concrete examples—nearly one hundred in all—of legislation violative of home-rule principles, fifty-three of these examples being of mandatory and forty-two of permissive laws. Attorney-General Carmody has already pointed out that "as a whole the present law undertakes only to fill out imperfect grants of powers to cities by the Legislature," and leaves the city impotent in many directions. There is no want of models for an adequate home-rule measure for either New York or Chicago. A dozen States have granted their cities power to determine the form of their own municipal machinery and their local policies, usually limited, as in Ohio, upon only the financial side. In California, where local autonomy of this sort has long been an established constitutional policy, it was extended in 1911 even to county government.

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For several weeks recently a negro was railway mail clerk on a train between Norfolk and Raleigh, N. C. Under him was a white subordinate. Was this a condition that a free people would long endure? Not on the line of railway between Norfolk and Raleigh, N. C. The Congressman from the Raleigh district was asked to investigate and bring about a change. Mr. Small did investi-

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gate. He found that the outrage was one of those perversions of the merit system which make it unpopular here and there. The Civil Service Commission, that is, had actually conducted an examination for railway mail clerk on the line between Norfolk and Raleigh, N. C., without asking any questions about color of skin, eyes, or hair. The questions were such as any capable person could answer, no matter what his race. And, as it happened, a negro had answered them better than some white men. If it had not been for the examination, the negro would have had no chance at the superior position. The examination was, therefore, evidently faulty. Congressman Small, we read, "assured the Civil Service authorities at Washington that the people in his district and on this line of the Norfolk Southern would not stand for a negro being placed in charge of a mail car with white clerks as helpers." The Commission saw the point, and an order has now been issued from the railway division headquarters making the negro the "helper."

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As usual in things Shakespearean, the Germans have assumed the lead in the matter of the tercentenary of the poet's death in 1916; while the English are endeavoring to build a National Theatre, the Shakespeare Society in Germany is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary and discussing plans for a memorial performance of the plays. The suggestion of *Die Woche*, that operas founded on Shakespeare should also be presented, is calculated not merely to honor Shakespeare, but to gratify German pride. In a list of productions that covers several pages a scant half-dozen are English, by such old-world composers as Busby, Purcell, and Bishop; and two of these are attempts to extract a "Rule, Britannia" theme from "The Tempest." Italian composers began to avail themselves of the plays with Gasparini's "Hamlet" in 1705, and their work includes scores of titles, among them Bellini, Rossi, Verdi, and Rossini. The French are represented by Gounod, Berlioz, Debussy, Ambroise Thomas, and others; the German Nicolai's "Merry Wives" is more widely popular than the comedy itself.

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It is always satisfying to see merit recognized, and what group of persons should be more eager to hail it than representatives of a university? If a lad graduating from a secondary school leads his class in the final Latin examination, is there anything wrong in various universities doing all they can to impress him with their respective advantages? Shrewd persistence in such a course would in time redound to the great increase of the fame of a university for turning out men of rare scholarship. So it is one reads with pleasure that Brown has scored a triumph in the announcement of a Springfield, Mass., boy that he is going to Providence this fall. For a time Dartmouth seemed to be upon the point of winning him, but the classic atmosphere of the Rhode Island university prevailed. Drew, for that is his name, is the fastest amateur short-distance runner in the whole world. He is expected to be a thorn in the side of the sprinters from the University of Pennsylvania next year, who were thought to be sure of winning the short-distance races. Of course, one sprinter does not settle the question of relative scholarship among the universities. That must remain in doubt until we know where the champion broad-jumper and pole-vaulter are going to pursue their advanced studies.

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How sensitive public opinion has become towards sex-instruction, urged by Dr. Eliot at the Congress of School Hygiene, is shown by the protests against it in Cincinnati and Chicago. Those who feel the sincerity and force in all that Dr. Eliot said will be first to demand caution in carrying out his principles. In the first place, great as public opposition often is to the utilization of the school for the physical welfare of society, it is especially exposed to prejudice and hostility on this point. In the second, while sex-education in the right hands may do great good, in wrong hands it can accomplish a greater amount of harm. What seems chiefly demanded is that its administration be given over to a competent and tactful medical corps. While the public schools as yet offer no grounds for observation, every one in college and preparatory-school circles is acquainted with results of sporadic, ill-digested lectures from semi-religious sources which are at least of debatable value. It is true that fatal ignorance in vital matters cannot be left to chance correction. It is true, in Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's words, that the school can acknowledge no parental "rights" inimical to social progress. But it is equally true that one shudders to think of sex-instruction in the hands of the ordinary school teacher and under the control of a Mrs. Young.

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That the problem of enforcing local-option laws is increasingly national is shown by recent attempts in Pennsylvania and throughout the South to prevent illegal liquor shipments. In Indiana, by the formation of "Young Men's Independent Clubs" in nominally "dry" territory, the brewery interests seek to get round the law. Crawfordsville is making a hot campaign against "clubs whose rules permit the sale of liquor to members only—any one being a member who has the money." Strict city ordinances and a good detective have convicted seven such club managers within a few weeks. Other cities, such as Evansville, where the press laments a jury disagreement over the plainest evidence, are preparing to imitate Crawfordsville. Gov. Ralston has repeatedly told the communities that in dealing with local-option enforcement "they must be their own moral agents, without appealing to State help." Of course, enforcement of the law is impossible without positive public opinion. But in the case of fraudulent "clubs" it would seem that officers of the law have a plain duty to perform.

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The emphasis of the World's Medical Congress upon not only the wide extent of war against disease, but its coöperative character, is already receiving practical comment. The French *Journal de Philanthropie* points out how much even of administrative method in combating the chief evil, tuberculosis, is international. To the Germans, for example, the sanatorium long represented the sole means of defence. Lately, however, the German Central Association has borrowed a leaf from the book that Calmette and Waldeck-Rousseau began to write at Lille in 1901, and has centred its attention upon the dispensary. The secretary already reports four of these in Berlin, and 720 in all Germany. At first passive, they are now active agencies, and inspect homes, lay down rules of hygiene, and help the public to follow them. Assisted by workingmen's societies, the Association has given especial

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attention to "forest dispensaries," of which in 1911 there were 98, receiving 3,000 patients yearly. These stations are located near the larger cities, and with the smallest possible plant they receive the ailing daily, care for them in the open air, and send them home at night. Two suggestions used are ascribed to America—the plan of receiving at these forest dispensaries night patients, busy in the daytime, and the open-air schools.

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Our large cities may find profit in the recommendations of a Parliamentary committee on "London's gigantic problem." This is the connection between the vast development of the motor-'bus there and the increase in risk to public life and limb. In 1907 the 3,700 power and 12,700 horse vehicles injured about 12,000 people; in 1912 the 13,800 power and 2,800 horse vehicles ran down more than 20,000. This weighs gravely against the service of the omnibus in carrying two billion passengers and linking the city to its outermost suburbs. But, as in Paris, which also is protesting against the daily list of *écrasés*, neither speed nor weight is singled out as responsible. "With its great increase in size, power, and speed," says the report, "the motor-'bus must lose its privileges of irresponsibility. It cannot be let choose its pathway unrestrained." Nothing more. And the omnibus company declares "speed has the smallest possible share in the causing of accidents, and has been talked of until the public are impatient." The reduction of the number of motor-'buses to the necessary minimum, the perfection of safety devices, and the education of the public as to the exact course of the routes, are suggestions which the company endorses. All these tend to give the motor-'bus lines the same status as surface street-car systems, and to restrict or destroy the old liberty of movement of the individual vehicle.

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President Wilson may or may not succeed in his Mexican policy, but one thing is certain, the English newspapers are not entitled to sneer at him for failure. Some of them are now complacently saying that we see what comes of entrusting diplomacy to "amateurs." Well, for the past two years England has had her finest professional diplomat at work in the Balkans, and a fine mess he has made of it. A simple enumeration of the successive positions taken by Sir Edward Grey, with a list of his unfulfilled prophecies and frustrated efforts, ought to make his countrymen see that gibes at anybody else are just now delicious effrontery. There was to be no Balkan war. But there was. If there was a war, no territorial changes whatever would be permitted. But Turkey in Europe has been carved to pieces. When Turkey pressed back into Adrianople she was instantly to be turned out. But the latest number of *Punch* has a cartoon in which the Turk in Adrianople asks Sir Edward Grey who is going to put him out, and the great English diplomatist replies that this is exactly the thing which the Concert cannot make up its mind about. An American "amateur" could not do worse than that!

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Two things stand out clearly in the report on rent and prices, just published by the English Board of Trade, the most comprehensive and thorough of recent studies of the cost-of-living problem. One is that the rise in prices, as has been recognized before this, is a world-wide phenomenon. The other is that, certainly in so far as Great Britain is concerned, and holding true probably for other countries, wages have not kept pace with prices. In Great Britain the increase in the cost of living since 1905 has been 10 per cent., whereas the increase in wages has been from 2 to 5 per cent. Here is a simple explanation of the labor unrest which has marked recent years on both sides of the Atlantic. In Syndicalism we are probably not witnessing, as its prophets would have us believe, a new philosophy and tactics of social reconstruction. Under a new name and through somewhat novel methods, the old process of readjusting wages to prices is at work. There is no real reason to suppose that the foundations of society are in greater peril to-day than in preceding periods of economic readjustment.

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Anglo-German relations will suffer no harm from the disclosures contained in Count Hayashi's diary regarding the diplomatic history of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan. The alliance dates from 1902. When the idea of an agreement between the two Powers on affairs in Asia was first broached by the Japanese Ambassador, it was Lord Salisbury who suggested the inclusion of Germany. The Japanese Government, for reasons not yet made public, objected. This bit of news will be rather embarrassing to the jingo element in Germany, by whom England's policy during the last two decades has been described as one of implacable hostility to the Empire. British statesmen supposedly lay awake nights thinking out all the possible permutations and combinations by which the Kaiser might be isolated and encompassed. Yet here was the head of the British Government and the leader of the party that had always stood for Imperialism and a forward policy in foreign affairs, urging the inclusion of Germany in a partnership which, as events showed, was destined to exercise an extraordinary influence on the history of the last ten years. And Lord Salisbury's proposal came at a time when the Boer War was still under way and the Kaiser's telegram to Krüger was a very vivid and bitter memory.

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How different the present international situation in Europe might have been if Lord Salisbury's proposals had been accepted! In 1902, it will be recalled, the famous *entente cordiale* was not yet in being. The Anglo-French agreement came two years later, and even then it required the stress and agitation of the long controversy between France and Germany over Morocco to convert the Anglo-French marriage of convenience into an alliance of the heart. Ten years ago the advocates of a reconciliation with Germany were much more influential in French public life than they are to-day. If Great Britain had entered into partnership with Germany, even if it was only for the regulation of affairs in Asia, the present *entente* would have been rendered difficult, if not impossible, and France, because there was no one else to turn to, might have consented to enter into an understanding with the Kaiser. There might have ensued an era of international good feeling; or, if England, regretting, in turn, any close approach between the opponents of 1870, had set about to redress the balance, we should have had a European alignment almost the opposite of what it is to-day, and come much nearer to a reduction of armaments.

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*PROGRESS WITH THE BANKING BILL.*

With the vote of the House Democratic caucus, approving the banking and currency bill as amended to date, the third stage in the history of that important measure is completed. The first stage comprised the original drafting of the bill for submission to Congress. In that process, many hands were at work, and by no means with harmonious plans or purposes. Among those whose handiwork was recognizable in the original bill were conservative men who had made thorough and useful study of the subject; radicals who were eager to inject as much of inflation and Government paper issues as circumstances would admit; and theorists who wished to try all sorts of venturesome experiments at once. In its original form, the banking bill, despite many fundamental and incidental merits, was a highly defective measure, containing unquestionably dangerous possibilities, on the side of currency issues in particular.

The spirit in which these defects were taken in hand, when the second stage of the measure's history began with its reference to the House Banking Committee, is familiar to all who have observed the progress of events. The changes made were radical and fundamental; in many of the sections they transformed a bad measure with incidental merits into a genuinely good measure with incidental defects. Except for its misleading and inaccurate language in regard to the Government's part in what is to be purely a bank-note currency, the note-issue sections were amended into a scientifically sound and practical provision. The holdings of United States bonds, pledged by national banks against their present outstanding circulation, were protected, as they had not been in the original bill. Powers of the national board, in certain important directions, were restricted, partly through requiring unanimity of decision, partly through the formation of an Advisory Council chosen by the banks themselves.

During its third stage, now completed, in which the House Committee's amended bill was placed for debate before the Democratic caucus, further progress of an equally significant character has been made. Discussion being free and unrestrained, the radicals, the hot-heads, and the inflationists had their day in court. They offered and urged amendment after amendment embodying their ideas. On the other hand, the banking community made its first formal entry into the discussion through the debates and resolutions of the Chicago bankers' conference, on Friday and Saturday of last week.

What has happened in the caucus is that the changes urged excitedly by the radicals have been steadily voted down by large majorities—the one concession which they claim, the elimination of a clause which might be construed as forbidding rediscount of agricultural warehouse paper, being in fact an ineffective alteration—while two of the amendments urged by the bankers' conference have been adopted. Reserve requirements for individual banks have been reduced as the bankers at Chicago asked, and, again in deference to their suggestion, the reserve against the proposed new note issue is now prescribed to consist of gold alone, and not of "gold or lawful money."

After this rather striking attitude on amendments, the measure was adopted in the caucus by a vote of 160 to 9. Within a week the bill as thus approved goes formally to the House of Representatives, whence, after debate and vote, it will be handed over to the Senate Committee and the Senate. It is not yet free from serious defects, and it is wholly reasonable to expect that its remaining shortcomings will be a matter of serious consideration in the other house. We believe it, however, to be a thoroughly workable bill as it now stands, or at least to be a bill which may be made so by a few further changes which will not affect vitally its underlying principles.

Here, then, in the future stages of the discussion on the bill, is the legitimate opportunity for broad-minded bankers and business men of the country to serve a public purpose. The delegates who voted for the series of resolutions at last week's Chicago Conference were perfectly well aware that all of their recommendations would not, in the nature of things, be accepted. But they wisely separated criticisms on general principles from criticisms based on technical experience. Their final attitude was of a sort to invite the friendly discussion which was peremptorily necessary, between the legislators and the bankers, if snags and pitfalls in the practical operation of the bill were to be avoided. The more consistently this policy is pursued, the less of an obstructive influence will arise from that vague suspicion of the bankers' motives which prevailed very largely up to last week, and for whose prevalence the bankers themselves were by no means wholly free from blame.

The rest of the discussion of the bill must, in our judgment, centre to a great extent upon the powers of the national board. Those powers, as they stand in the bill to-day, and notwithstanding the House committee amendments, are too sweeping and unrestricted. We should so describe them, even if the four civilian appointees to the board were all, by law, to be trained bankers. That the system of separate regional banks requires large powers in a central board, for exercise in a possible emergency, we have heard no one question. But ours is, in more ways than one, a government of checks and balances, and the powers referred to are of a sort whose misuse, even with the best of purposes, would have immediate and serious consequences on the country's welfare. It is not abolition of such powers, but restriction on their hasty, ill-judged, or impetuous exercise, which our national experience indicates as essential to the safety of the new experiment.

*FIRST CLASS IN SENATORIAL LOGIC*

One advantage of the linked sweetness long drawn out of the Senate debate on the tariff has been strangely overlooked by educators. It is the splendid exhibition of the logical faculty in the give and take of discussion. It is a pity that every student in logic could not have been in the Senate galleries to derive instruction from the continued display of the deepest principles of the art. Few have availed themselves of the great opportunity, since the event came off in the time of school and college vacations; but we wonder why no summer school or university extension grasped at the opportunity. To stand by and see giant minds grappling with one another and illustrating every phase of the art of reasoning would have been an invaluable privilege to any who desired to learn how to think clearly and argue soundly.

Something of the effect, though only a pale reflection, can be got from a perusal of the *Congressional Record*. In

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it we get the cold results without the personal animation, the flashing eye, and the triumphant mien with which some logical demonstration was accompanied. Not to neglect entirely the alluring material, let us turn to the debate of Monday of last week. The cotton schedule was under discussion. Senator Smith, of South Carolina, took the floor and read from a careful report on the New England mills, showing the low wages and the long hours of the operatives. This was only preliminary to the real clash of mind on mind. Senator Lippitt, of Rhode Island, begged permission to ask a question. It was granted. He said:

> I merely wish to ask the Senator from South Carolina if the wage paid in his State for this same occupation is not in the neighborhood of one-third less than that paid in New England, and if the hours the people work in his State are not more than 10 per cent. greater for that wage, and if it is not true that there is practically no age limit for the children employed in the cotton mills in his State.

This was clearly a neat case of the *argumentum ad hominem*. But was the South Carolina Senator staggered by it? Did he betray even a glimmering of the *ignoratio elenchi*? Not at all. Observe the completely logical and crushing reply which he instantly made:

> I will reply to the Senator from Rhode Island that those we employ in my section of the country are native born, and whatever they get goes back to an American for the work an American does, and we have not used the pauper labor of Europe to displace him.

Have the standard writers on logic ever given such an illustration as this of the effect of close and sinewy reasoning? We should like to see them try to get Senator Smith's syllogism into any of their formal categories! It would not even come under *barbara*, though that word suggests certain analogies in the case. As for the great native reasoners, like Socrates, they would certainly be lost in wonder at the dexterity and logical resource of Senator Smith. Of his overwhelming retort upon his questioner, Socrates could only say, as he did on a certain occasion: "Great, oh, Glaucon, is the power of contradiction."

It certainly required a degree of audacity in Senator Lippitt to return to the intellectual combat after so heavy a logical blow, but he took his courage in both hands and put another question to Senator Smith. He said:

> I should like to ask the Senator from South Carolina if he thinks native-born Americans should be paid 33 per cent. less wages than New England is willing to pay the people who come from abroad. New England pays her native-born Americans more than she pays these people from abroad; and yet the Senator from South Carolina is boasting that in his own State, for more hours of employment, he is satisfied to pay 66 2-3 per cent. of the wages New England pays.

There appears to be a certain plausibility about this, but Senator Lippitt did not know his man. He could scarcely have been prepared for the terrific logical "facer" which the South Carolina Senator at once delivered. It was this:

> When we take into consideration the number of millionaires there are in the New England section and the number of millionaires we have in our section, I do not think the Senator and I will find much to argue about.

There was a good deal more of this, but we have given enough to show what a treat for the logician, and the lovers of high debate, may be got by dipping almost anywhere into the *Congressional Record*. It really ought to displace the text-books on logic. Not one of them could furnish so much instruction. And it is teaching which is blended with the element of constant surprise, and even amusement, which is the best thing to hold the attention of the pupil. Why should there be expensive schools to teach young men how to reason when the Senate is giving such wonderful examples virtually free? Schopenhauer had an entire cynical treatise on "The Art of Reasoning," which he dealt with as a thing of trick and artifice, rather than a real intellectual process; but the most whimsical rules that he gave for dodging the point of an argument, or evading the consequences of your own logic, along with the most fanciful examples which he invented, would seem plodding and prosaic alongside the Senatorial reality. "Logic is logic, that's all I say." Yes; but there are more things in Senate logic than were dreamed of in the philosophy of the one-hoss shay.

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*SEQUELS OF LABOR LEGISLATION.*

The past fifteen or twenty years have seen a great body of labor legislation, proposed or enacted, in all civilized countries. The United States has not been so laggard as some have asserted. In nearly all the States, as by the Federal Congress, new laws have been put on the statute-books intended to secure the rights or to improve the lot of workingmen. Into this movement different motives have entered, but there can be no doubt that its chief driving power has been the humane spirit of the age. This it is which has been sympathetic to the demand that the laborer in dangerous occupations shall be safeguarded, as far as possible; that child labor shall be more and more limited; that special protections shall be thrown about workingwomen; that workers disabled by accident shall have full right of recovery of damages from negligent employers, or be insured for loss of time or health. It is not necessary to extend the catalogue. The kind of legislation referred to is familiar to all. It responds to the growing humanity of the age. But it is our duty to be intelligent as well as humane; to look ahead at consequences as well as about us at misfortune and suffering. And labor legislation has now been long enough in force in various places to give us material upon which to base a judgment concerning some sequels of it that its benevolent promoters were very far from foreseeing.

An article in the last *Edinburgh Review* on "National Insurance and National Character" is said to have been written by that stout individualist among English public men, Mr. Harold Cox. Whoever the author, it is an instructive study which he makes of some of the unexpected results, physical, mental, and moral, of laws insuring workingmen against accidents and against sickness. He turns at once to the country which has had the widest experience in such matters—Germany. The subject has attracted a great deal of attention from German physicians and students. A recent suggestive book is that of Prof. Ludwig Bernhard, "Unerwünschte Folgen der Deutschen Sozialpolitik." "The tragedy of all great reform movements," writes Professor Bernhard, "lies in this—that the unintended results are more powerful than the intended results." And in the spirit of this saying, the *Edinburgh Review* writer masses a part of the evidence which German investigators have been getting together about the effect of workingmen's insurance laws in Germany. Already in England, where legislation of the kind has but lately been embarked upon, much is heard about sim-

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ilar undesired consequences showing themselves.

In the main, it is an old story. Paternal legislation tends to make its beneficiaries childishly dependent, where they are not increasingly exigent. But some of the special results observable on a large scale in Germany are peculiarly interesting. It is not merely the general question of individual self-respect being impaired and initiative cut into by looking to the aid of Government. There are specific developments which are giving thoughtful Germans pause. Malingering has enormously increased; and the authorities have to be increasingly watchful against it. If a workingman knows that his pay is to go on while he is ill, he falls sick with wonderful ease. Nor is it all a matter of feigning. Every doctor knows the part played by the imagination in disease, and it has been displayed in extraordinary ways in the experience of insured German workingmen while they are ill. The facts show that they fall sick quicker and stay sick longer than before the law protected them. In certain forms of illness, the psychology of this is well understood. The determination to recover speedily is a help to recovery, and without it, or the motive for it, the patient stays longer in bed. Even in cases of fractured bones, where this mental element would not be expected to operate so strongly, the German experience makes a remarkable showing. Take the common accident of a broken collar-bone. In the young, medical statistics prove that the period of mending is from 15 to 20 days; in older persons, 20 to 40. But the average insured German workingman who breaks his collar-bone requires eight months to get over it!

We will not dwell upon other details set forth in the *Edinburgh Review*. Its article but reflects the concern which German statesmen feel over these aspects of the practical working of laws which were undoubtedly beneficent in intention. Various studies of the operation of the German laws for the insurance of workingmen show what good reason there is for doubt of their entire success, and what is the need of amendment and strengthening. There is something in Voltaire about the light-hearted way in which men pass laws, and the astonishment with which they observe how these laws work in practice. This has been distinctly the case with the matter under discussion. Disappointments and unforeseen results are, indeed, no argument against attempting humane legislation; but they are a clear warning against rash lawmaking. The utmost care should be taken in the drafting of labor legislation, so as to make it as sure as is humanly possible that evils will not be created greater than those which it is designed to cure.

## *ANGLO-SAXONDOM AND WORLD-PEACE.*

The main trend of Lord Haldane's address before the American Bar Association at Montreal was determined in advance by the nature of the occasion. When the Lord Chancellor of England comes across the seas to speak in Canada before a gathering of lawyers, of whom a very large proportion are from the United States, it is inevitable that his subject should concern itself with the affiliations that bind this country, Great Britain, and the Dominion into what may be described as a community of nations. Speaking before lawyers, Lord Haldane was at pains to point out that the causes of Anglo-Saxon amity are independent of treaty arrangements. The Lord Chancellor is a student of philosophy and he went to the vocabulary of the German philosophers for a word that would adequately describe that spirit of amity. But when we have followed the speaker through his eloquent and lucid disquisition upon *Sittlichkeit*, we find ourselves, after all, in the presence of a familiar thing. He is referring neither to legal systems nor to specific morals, but to those habitual sanctions which determine the conduct of men in a community, the way of reacting towards the duties of civilized citizenship, the way, in short, of looking at life. And he finds that in this country, in Great Britain, and in Canada there prevails a common *Sittlichkeit*, a similarity of social conduct, which is the principal basis of Anglo-Saxon friendship, and which may become the foundation of still more intimate relations in the future. It is a scholarly way of formulating the idea embodied in such familiar phrases as "hands across the sea" and "common inheritance."

Emphasis laid on Anglo-Saxon friendship as a factor in the establishment of the ideal of world-peace is desirable only to a certain point. The danger of expatiating on Anglo-Saxon unity consists in the fact that it may serve as an irritant upon the world at large. There are nations which may be inclined to regard a union of the English-speaking races as a union, not for something, but against somebody; not for the encouragement of the ideas of peace, but for the imposition of peace on those outside the Anglo-Saxon community. In specific instances we have seen how the proposal of a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain has been received, even by citizens of this country, as a menace to Germany. The Kaiser's people have been trained to envisage a unity of Germanic races no less ambitious, and we may reasonably suppose no less inspired by high motives, than the unity of the Anglo-Saxons. In Eastern and Southeastern Europe Slavdom has its own aspirations. The political evolution of the Old World will be shaped for many years to come by the rivalry of the English, the Germans, and the Slavs. The question arises whether this country, by making itself a member of an Anglo-Saxon "unison," does not to that extent make itself a party to the great rivalry of races.

There is no need to lay stress upon a community of *Sittlichkeit* in the Anglo-Saxon world as an argument for peace between Great Britain and the United States. We may concede that our American way of looking at life is closer to the English way than it is to any other, though such a statement never fails to bring out arguments regarding the enormous infusion of non-Saxon blood and brain into our people. Conceding that we have a community of thought and habits and language with the English people which makes war between the two nations an inconceivable thing, it is still true that war between this nation and any other of the leading Powers of Europe is almost equally inconceivable. Does any statesman really foresee the chance of our engaging in hostilities with the German Empire, or with Russia, or with France? There was, of course, that flurry over German designs in the Philippines at the time of our war with Spain. But, then, there was something more than a flurry with Great Britain over Venezuela. No; we must still maintain that conflict between this country and any European nation is rendered impossible by other than ethnological or sociological causes. The

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old arguments still hold. Situated here on the Western Continent, at a remote distance from the age-old rivalries that make of Europe an armed camp, these United States are as unlikely to be the armed enemies of one European country as of any other.

If war is to make way for reason in the settlement of international disputes, it will not be because the world will be transformed into a single community with only one code of manners. World-peace, if it comes, will come with the triumph of those universal ideas which are above all national habits and manners, the ideas of justice, of reason, and of law. We can have world-peace with world diversity. For diversity is no more an essential force for armed conflict than uniformity is an unfailing factor for peace. Where, for instance, could Lord Haldane find a closer identity of *Sittlichkeit* than that obtaining in the two Balkan peoples that have lately been tearing at one another's throats like mad dogs? Bulgaria and Servia are two peasant populations living on the same economic level, speaking what is virtually two dialects of the same language, acknowledging the same faith, and held in subjection for centuries by the same master at Constantinople. What but the survival of primeval brute instincts is responsible for the horrors of Macedonia and Thrace? The same way of looking at life will not keep two nations at peace if both look at life with distorted vision.

## *IS THERE A "PUBLIC"?*

One thing is quite certain: we are living in a highly significant age. The only question is whether this is the age of Strindberg and Brieux or of Hall Caine and Harold Bell Wright; the age of Matisse and Picasso or of Dingbat and Desperate Desmond; the age which insists on ruthless details of life in the white-slave markets or the age which insists that its heroes of fiction must be six feet six inches and more; the age of Debussy and Anna Pavlova or the age of the Temagami Rag. One thing is certain: the Public is eager for something. The question is whether the public wants the red meat of John Masefield, the cosmopolitan fare of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells and Theodore Dreiser, the plain home cooking of Winston Churchill, or the sugar and cream confections of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott and Gene Stratton-Porter. Or, after all, is nothing certain? Are we at liberty to doubt whether there is such a thing as a Public, instead of merely so many people? Is there such a thing as a spirit of the age, instead of now this fad and now that one forging ahead in the newspapers?

Not that the formulæ makers are altogether at fault. The temptation to generalize at times becomes well-nigh irresistible. The current at times does seem to set steadily in one direction. The vista does seem to stretch out over new landscapes. We can hardly blame, for instance, the student of morals and manners who assures you that this country is in full revolt against the hereditary Puritanism. The old prudery of speech—and of behavior—is passing. On subjects worthy and worthless we feel and speak to-day with a freedom that ten years ago would have been inconceivable. The habits and speech of common life have become heavily charged with the habits and speech of the *intellectuels* and the underworld. Tango, eugenics, the slit skirt, sex hygiene, Brieux, white slaves, Richard Strauss, John Masefield, the double standard of morality—here is a conglomerate of things important and unimportant, of age-old problems and momentary fads, which nevertheless have this one thing in common that they do involve an abandonment of the old proprieties and the old reticences. Neither our newspapers nor our preachers nor our college presidents can be accused of being mealy-mouthed. Take, as a single instance, the invasion of the theatre by the crook play and the white-slave play. Is it rash to say that a revolution has occurred in the few years that have elapsed since the police put the ban on "Mrs. Warren's Profession"?

It *is* rash. No such revolution has occurred in the sense of a profound transformation working itself out within the great mass of our people. To make a revolution it needs something more than that all of the people shall be stirred some of the time and some of the people shall be agitated all of the time. The great public, in spite of the tango and the white-slave propaganda, has not shifted its moorings. Its fundamental tastes are very much what they have been. When we speak of every one reading Strindberg and Brieux it is only in the same sense that everybody is out of town in summer. We generalize from insufficient data. The assertion that the American reading public is learning to view life boldly with Bennett and Wells and Dreiser is disproved by the fact that hundreds of thousands are viewing it in the good old romantic fashion with Hall Caine and Marie Corelli. The underworld theme may sell books by the thousands, but to sell books by the hundreds of thousands we still require such old themes as home and mother and love's devotion. The noisy few may point the way and a goodly crowd may follow in meek imitation. But the great crowd also chooses for itself, and its independent choice is for the broad and simple effects that have always appealed to the masses.

We must still distinguish between the fluttering taste of the few who have lost their intellectual mooring by a kind of half education, and those profound changes which truly constitute a revolution in the life of the people. The self-esteemed *intellectuels* are terribly exposed to self-deception; they have neither the instincts of the masses nor the settled conviction of those who have felt the long judgments of time. In their hands are all the organs of publicity—the newspapers, the reviews, the circles and cliques which create "movements," and tendencies, and vistas, and revaluations. There may be a lively play of wave and spume on the surface; in the depths change works almost by imperceptible stages.

## POINCARE'S LAST BOOK.

PARIS, August 20.

"Dernières Pensées" (E. Flammarion, 3.50 francs) is the last book of general interest which we are to have from that lucid thinker and clear writer, Henri Poincaré. It comprises late articles and lectures, some written within a few days of his death in July of last year. He intended the collection to form the fourth volume of his series of works on the philosophy of science—"Science and Hypothesis," "The Value of Science," "Science and Method," and this one dealing with outstanding questions, such as the evolution of laws; Space and Time; the logic of the Infinite and of mathematics; Matter and Ether; and moral systems and science, and moral union among men. A supplementary lecture by him on new conceptions of matter has since been published in a volume by several authors, "Le Matérialisme actuel" (Flammarion,

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3.50 francs); and two years ago he published a brief pamphlet on another burning question, "Les Sciences et les Humanités" (A. Fayard, 1 franc).

All these convey with sufficient fulness the message to the world of the one master who has recognized the limits of science and proclaimed them frankly. Other gleanings, particular applications of a method of thinking more valuable perhaps than his science or philosophy, may be found by even general readers in his special works. They must have the patience to skip the mathematical operations which a dozen in each generation may hope to follow; and between they must read the paragraphs where slow processes of physics merge into intuitions of the universe.

These "Last Thoughts" emphasize the hard sayings which so offend those who have been dreaming of science without limits ruling absolutely the universe of thought:

> Science will always be imperfect, and not only because our faculties are weak. It will be imperfect by definition. He who speaks of science speaks of a duality between the mind knowing and the object known; and so long as this duality subsists, so long as mind is distinct from its object, mind will be unable to know its object perfectly, since it will never know aught of it but the exterior. Therefore, neither the question of materialism nor that of determinism—and I do not separate this from that—can be solved in last resort by science.

The lecture from which this is taken comes in the series of "Present Materialism" immediately after Professor Bergson's declaration on "Soul and Body":

> In philosophy we have to choose between pure reasoning, which aims at a definitive result, not to be perfected because it is judged perfect, and an empiric method which contents itself with approximate results that are capable of being corrected and completed indefinitely. . . . Between these two manners of philosophizing, my choice is made.

It would be a measureless error to confound Henri Poincaré's philosophy of science with Bergson's philosophy of what he thinks underlies science. Poincaré mischievously reduced Bergsonian Time to a fourth dimension of Space, and he says here seriously:

> Psychological time, Bergsonian duration, from which the scientific man's time issues, serves to classify phenomena which pass in one and the same consciousness; but it is powerless to classify two psychological phenomena which pass in two different consciousnesses—and, *a fortiori*, two physical phenomena. One event passes on earth, another on Sirius; how shall we know whether the former is anterior to the latter, or simultaneous, or posterior?

Of the value of science, Poincaré had already noted:

> Newton showed us that a law is only a necessary relation between the present state of the world and the state immediately following. All other laws since discovered are nothing else—they are differential equations.

He now adds:

> If we wish to write out the differential equations that rule the world, either such equations will be inexact or they must depend on the state of the world whole and entire. There will not be one system of equations for the world of earth and another for that of Sirius; there will be a single system applicable to the whole universe.
>
> Now, we do not observe directly the differential equations. What we observe are finite equations which are the immediate translation of observable phenomena and from which the differential equations are deduced by differentiation. . . .
>
> How, then, can we pass from finite equations to differential equations of which the former are the integrals? . . . One only solution is realized in nature, although there is an infinity of possible solutions. To form the differential equations, we should have to know not only this one solution which is realized, but all those which are possible.

At a time when philosophy has once more come in fashion—and when the scholastic bane of philosophy multiplies labels for every thinker and each thought—we must here follow Henri Poincaré to the brink. For his critics call after him names such as phenomenist, relativist, idealist, pragmatist—and, doubtless, would cry skeptic if they did not fear to imply that science has become dogma. In reality, all Poincaré's reasoning tends to establish the essential verity of the "relations" which science discovers between the terms of our sense observations. These relations are reduced to mathematical equations, without which Kant said there could be no physical science. But what may be the essence of the "terms" of our sense observations—why, that is a question Professor Poincaré leaves to Professor Bergson and those who choose to occupy themselves with it otherwise than by science, which cannot go beyond sense observation and experiment.

The charm and power of Henri Poincaré's thought came largely from his alert sensitiveness and ready response to the mental difficulties of living thinkers around him. It would be a sin not to cite here a refreshing sample of his kindly trial of conclusions with an American on the Infinite:

> Mr. Russell, no doubt, will say to me that the question is not one of psychology, but of logic and epistemology; and I shall be led to answer that there is no such thing as logic and epistemology independent of psychology—and such a profession of faith will probably close the discussion, because it will bring to sight a divergence of views beyond remedy.

To a question more important to the average man than all this scientific philosophy, Henri Poincaré gives an answer that contradicts schoolmastering reformers and republics:

> There cannot be a scientific morality; but there also cannot be immoral science. And the reason is simple—purely grammatical, if I may say so. . . . The principles of science, the postulates of geometry, are and can only be in the indicative; only in the indicative are experimental truths—and, at the basis of the sciences, there is not, there cannot be, anything else. So the most subtle dialectician may juggle with such principles as he will, may combine them and build up scaffoldings of one upon the other—all he will get out of them will be in the indicative. He will never get a proposition to say "Do this!" or "Do not do that!"—that is, a proposition either to confirm or to contradict morality.

Religious thinkers, if they were in the political ascendant, would very likely be little more pleased with Henri Poincaré than his brethren of science are:

> All dogmatic morality, all morality that is demonstrated, . . . is like a machine in which there are only transmissions of movement and no motor force. The moral motor, that which sets going the whole apparatus of wheels within wheels, can only be a feeling. . . . And that is why religions are powerful and metaphysics are not.

Henri Poincaré did not despair of his generation. The last time he spoke in public, three weeks before his death, he summed up in one the many reasons why the so-called "conflict of moralities" does not exist and ought not to exist:

> On one reason, at least, we cannot help agreeing. The life of man is a continuous struggle. . . . If we enjoy relative rest at times, it is because our fathers have striven much; let our own energy and vigilance relax but a moment, and we lose all the fruit of their struggles, all they have won for us. . . . What I say applies to the struggle which humanity has to sustain for life—the discipline it must accept is called Morality. The day that Humanity forgets Morality, that day it will be vanquished beforehand and plunged into an abyss of evil. . . . On all such things, we all think alike, we all know where we should walk—why, then, do we separate from one another?

The master who had the courage to maintain that the Ten Commandments of our fathers are scientific enough for morality might be expected to uphold their classical training "for the formation of men of science." He has a curious example of a university examination in which an entire class from its modern training failed to grasp the verbal bearing of the demonstration that the product in multiplication does not depend on the order of the factors. "Yet they had been drilled in grammatical analyses. . . . In a class from the classical training, M. Vacquant (the mathematician) said to me, nothing of

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the kind could have happened!" But Poincaré rises higher:

A spirit breathed of old on Greece and gave birth to poets and thinkers. There remains in our classical education I know not what of the old Greek soul—something that makes us look ever upward. And this is more precious for the making of a man of science than the reading of many volumes of geometry.

S. D.

## NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Bernard Quaritch, who died on Wednesday of last week, was without question the greatest bookseller in the world. He was a young man, not more than forty-five, had always been a hearty eater and drinker, and these habits had no doubt undermined his health. He had been ill a long time, in fact, ever since his last visit to New York to attend the second Hoe sale in January, 1912. He was unmarried, and his property will, probably, pass to two sisters, who survive him.

The elder Quaritch came to London from Germany in 1842, and after some delays established himself in the book business in a very small way near Leicester Square. Later he removed to 15 Piccadilly, and made that address well known to librarians and book-buyers the whole world over. When he died in 1899, leaving an enormous stock and heavy debts, it was generally predicted that the business, built up with such skill, would disintegrate. His only son, who had taken little or no interest in the business, took hold, however, and showed unexpected ability. He sold, sometimes probably at a loss, some of the big things that his father had carried a long time in stock, and in a year or two Quaritch was again the leading name in the auction room and in the trade, and this position it has retained. He left the old Piccadilly shop, took Lord Howe's old house in Grafton Street, and leaving the rooms much as they were, only installing a slow-moving "lift," he filled the house literally with books from wine-cellar to attic.

The elder Quaritch was overbearing in his manner, didactic and sarcastic in his speech. The son, though gross in appearance, was genial and kindhearted, and withal more politic in business than his father. He made friends and made sales, and above all else kept the name Quaritch standing for absolute honesty, with no misrepresentation of anything which he offered for sale.

He made frequent visits to the United States, bringing a trunkful or two of his treasures, and these trips were generally successful. He sold many fine books to Mr. Morgan as well as to almost every other collector of fine books in this country.

Like his father before him, he was independent and generally against the combination of London booksellers, which has established the "knockout" system at English book sales. The booksellers in the "ring" do not bid against each other in the salesroom, but later at a little auction of their own resell the books among themselves and divide up the profit.

The father used to impress upon collectors the advantage of giving him their commissions at auction sales, and if he allowed an important item to go to a competitor, the latter won a Pyrrhic victory. The son followed the same plan, but in extreme cases seems to have exercised a better judgment.

But while the larger part of his business was with collectors, Mr. Quaritch was equally proud of the fact that he had books for scholars and students. Books on natural history, Oriental languages, and archæology were some of his specialties, and he was London agent for the publications of learned societies in all parts of the world. He published few books, generally scholarly monographs on special subjects, and these were, probably, seldom profitable.

Mr. Quaritch did not have the wide knowledge of books which his father, with more than sixty years' experience among them at the time of his death, possessed. In this respect, no doubt, the death some ten years ago of Michael Kerney, who since 1862 had been his father's literary adviser and chief cataloguer, was a severe blow. Kerney, one of the most erudite of modern Englishmen, published almost nothing over his own name and is already all but forgotten. Mr. F. S. Ferguson, a quiet-mannered scholar, and an authority on early Scottish printing, who came to New York to attend all four of the Hoe sales, now fills the position of chief cataloguer. It is to be hoped that an arrangement will be made so that the business will be carried on, with Mr. E. H. Dring, who has been Mr. Quaritch's manager for many years, as its head.

# Correspondence

## THE PASSING OF GREEK?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few days ago I was searching for a certain edition of the Iliad, in the original text. Requisition upon one of the large repositories of educational works in my own city having failed to bring to light the desired book, the brisk young salesman who waited upon me explained apologetically, "We don't keep up our stock of such things nowadays. Greek's gone by!" I meekly withdrew, pondering whether it were really true that the study of that marvellous language of the past, the delight in the literature of ancient Greece, in the works of Homer and Plato and Æschylus, of Bion and Moschus, of Herodotus and Xenophon and Thucydides, were extinct, or nearly so.

Thackeray, who himself loved to besprinkle his writings with phrases from the ancient poets, once lamented that Walter Scott, with his "modern troop of gallant young Scotch adventurers, merry outlaws, valiant knights, and savage Highlanders," had overcome the heroes and demigods of Greece and Rome. "See! Robin Hood twangs his bow, and the heathen gods fly, howling. Down goes Ajax under the mace of Dunois!" Must we add that in their turn the mighty deeds recorded by the Wizard of the North have now paled before the exploits of the cowboy and mining prospector? That Ivanhoe's shout of battle is drowned by yells and revolver shots of the modern offspring of Jack London and Rex Beach?

It is true that just now we are experiencing a sort of "wave" of interest in Greek—the smug young bookseller's pronunciamento to the contrary. Our leading literary magazine has recently yielded several of its closely guarded pages to an extended and extremely interesting dissertation upon Greek metres and rhythm. Here and there, in the other periodicals of the day, there have been sporadic attempts by professional experts in the language to revive an evidently flagging interest in Greek, and fresh translations of Homer still find a sure, if limited, market.

In spite of this revival, or pseudo-revival, of interest in Greek literature, it cannot be denied that strong forces of modernism, the tremendous and clamitant "progressive" spirit of the day, are arrayed against it. Many schools and colleges are seriously considering the omission of Greek from their curriculum; others have already dropped it. It is moreover undeniable that even a slight knowledge of the language is far more rare, among well-educated people, than in Thackeray's day, when schoolboys were required to commit to memory long passages, and, as the great English novelist has implied, were as familiar with the exploits of the heroes of Homer as are those of to-day with the various "boy aviators," detectives, scouts, and what not.

The practice of memorizing page after page of the Latin or Greek textbook has long since been abandoned. There was much to be said, after all, in favor of that method. Its thoroughness, at any rate, was commendable. It gave the student a certain firmness of footing, a solid foundation, that was pretty sure to remain unshaken throughout his life. At our class reunions those of us who were brought up on Andrews & Stoddard, or Harkness, or Sophocles, are fond of calling upon one another for the list of prepositions governing the accusative; or the principal parts of certain Greek verbs that seemed to us, in our boyhood days, the result of deliberate and ingenious malice on the part of the ancients: forms invented to entrap the unwary lad, nodding over his humdrum recitation. No wonder the Greek grammar was the pet aversion of every healthy boy in school!

The trouble undoubtedly was that the system then in vogue, with all its merits, gave the student no broad view of the language or its literature. The fact that it was a dead language was driven home to him by its constantly repeated dissection. His attention was, so to speak, of necessity concentrated upon its morphology and chemical analysis. Homer, the grand old poet and story-teller, was to him but an inventor of out-of-the-way forms and phrases, each of which must be studied and classified. It was as if a party of boys were taken to the Grand Cañon—that Iliad of landscapes, with its deep and shadowy gorges, its records of the strife of the elements for untold æons, its marvellous glow of color, its low, far-off murmur of many waters, its lurking-places for strange and awful Powers of the Air, its drifting clouds and wondrous radiance of each coming of "rosy-fingered Dawn, the child of Light"; lacking only the wide and mysterious expanse of the "wine-dark sea"—as if, I say, a class of young students were taken to Colorado, and upon the brink of this wondrous chasm were set to geologizing, *scanning* the storm-beaten cliffs with dactylic strokes of their little hammers: *Clinkety-clinkety-clink!* What marvel that "their

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eyes are holden," and that only in later years do their hearts burn within them, as they begin to realize the revelation they have so long missed.

We return to our first question—in the onrush and novelty of modern life and its varied interests, has the study of Greek really "gone by"? A few weeks ago a body of learned educators met at Richmond, Va., in a "National Conference for Education in the South." In the course of debate, one of its members urgently demanded "the complete abandonment of effete classicism in the public schools." "Effete classicism!" How poor and ill-considered, how futile, unpractical, and weakly sentimental, under the glow of these impressive words, delivered at white heat by the learned doctor from Mississippi, seem the memories of Rugby and Eton, of Oxford and Cambridge, of the old Boston Latin School, of Columbia, Yale, and Harvard!

Doubtless there are many among our statesmen and professional men who, like Rufus Choate, find their truest recreation in their classical library, softening the memory of the asperities of competition and slander and forensic passages-at-arms by the mellow phrases of Cicero's "De Amicitia," or the tales of Homer and Ovid, so free from the wearisome subjectiveness of the literature and conversation of the twentieth century. An old friend of mine was recently stopping at my house. As I showed him to his bedroom, I asked, "Shall I not bring in some books, in case you are wakeful in the night?" "Thank you, no," he replied; "I have my New Testament and Homer." There was the genuine lover of Greek, as against the restful charm of which the modern "best seller" had no attractions.

This brings me to one branch of my theme which I approach with reverence, and upon which I may not linger. To one who reads Greek, even slowly and with frequent reference to his lexicon, the Scriptures become as never before a treasure-house. To read the original text for the first time is to come upon an entirely fresh revelation. It is indeed a *New* Testament. The effect it produces is like that of the first visit to Palestine, for him who reveres the sacred story of old, and who now treads in the actual footsteps of the Carpenter of Nazareth. Whatever a man's religious belief, or non-belief, the study of the New Testament in the original is well worth all the time and trouble expended upon the language.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Boston, August 28.

## THE "YELLOW PERIL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The California newspapers are ringing the changes on the alleged danger of "Asiatic invasion," as did Hobson in the years agone. The yellow peoples of the Far East are said to "menace this continent today as they menaced Europe centuries ago." That such fears are groundless is made plain by a study of the relations of America and eastern Asia from the visit of Perry to the present, also by a study of the Oriental spirit.

Instead of war, the prospects of continued peace between the Orient and the Occident were never brighter. The increasing importance of the Asiatic peoples in the economic life of the world should not be lost sight of. The interests of commerce make for peace, as does the interchange of ideas by means of books and papers printed in the English language, which is studied in the schools of China and Japan, so that a better understanding is possible now than ever before between the yellow and white races. Increased familiarity is bringing an enhanced regard for the Orientals, especially the educated classes of Nippon and the "Middle Kingdom."

There are, too, financial obstacles. The Chinese lack the sinews of war, and the Japanese are staggering under a heavy load of debt. War is out of the question and will be for a long time to come. The inheritance of acquired character in the Orientals is against aggression. Their horizon has been broadened by travel in the United States and by the spread of Christianity in the Far East. Motives of self-interest make for continued peace. The folly of war is apparent to the men who shape public policy in these ancient countries; they are not to be classed with the Mongol and Tartar chiefs such as Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. In view of these considerations, it is no time for intemperate language. "Fiery talk fans the flame of war."

Japan had its anti-foreign demonstrations in the '50's and the '60's. Then came the era of enlightenment (under Mutsuhito, which might be well named the era of toleration). The moral sense of the nation asserted itself. For thirty years or more Christian missionaries in Nippon have not been molested, and the native converts have enjoyed religious freedom. Christianity is the faith of a minority in Japan, but a very influential minority. The influence of the Christians outweighs that of the jingoes. Notwithstanding the disturbances of the first decade of the régime of progress and the conflicts of recent times, New Japan is rightly called "The Land of Great Peace." The wars with China and Russia were really defensive wars, because of Japan's intimate relations with Korea.

Is it not a reasonable hope that Tennyson's dream will be realized at no distant day, that the time is not far off when "East and West will meet and be merged into a higher form of existence, a Federation of the World, perhaps, in which men shall learn war no more"?

EUGENE PARSONS.

Denver, August 25.

## BASEBALL SLANG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article on "English and Baseball," in the *Nation* for August 21, you say, "Why baseball should be more addicted to this vice [referring, of course, to the use of distorted slang in the reports of baseball games] than golf, tennis, or even football, is part of the general mystery of the case."

Two reasons, perhaps, operate in the use of extraordinary slang in reports of baseball games. Golf, tennis, and football are games that have few terms peculiar to themselves, as a comparison of the rules of these games with those of baseball will show. Naturally, there is more opportunity offered in baseball for a quick-and-ready synonym.

And this opportunity is eagerly seized by sporting writers because of the readers they are writing for. Baseball appeals, generally, to a different crowd from that which is interested in golf, tennis, or football. Whatever objections one may have to professionalism in any sport, he must at least recognize the fact that for recreation many people go to see baseball games who have no opportunity to play golf, tennis, or football, or to see them played. That a baseball crowd is a cosmopolitan crowd is evident to any one who ever saw a professional baseball game.

Furthermore, the greater part of this crowd is everywhere as democratic and careless as it is at a baseball game. These people use slang. With some of them it is part of their habitual method of talking, and they understand it and appreciate it when used by any one else. Consequently the "great American daily," with its avowed intention of giving the people what they want rather than what is best for them, writes its reports of baseball games in such slang as its readers understand and like, even though they don't use it.

JAMES GREGG.

Greensburg, Pa., August 27.

# Literature

## THE WRITING OF HISTORY.

*History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century.* By G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

"The object of this book," says the author, "is to summarize and assess the manifold achievements of historical research and production during the last hundred years, to portray the masters of the craft, to trace the development of scientific method, to measure the political, religious, and social influences that have contributed to the making of celebrated books, and to analyze their effect on the life and thought of their time." An author whose ambition is so inclusive may achieve much and yet fall short of the goal.

One feels that it is so with Mr. Gooch. He has written an excellent book, and a useful one: useful, especially, because there is no book in English, and no book of similar scope in any language, which covers the field; and excellent because what the author has done has for the most part been extraordinarily well done. And yet what he has done is something less than he professes, in the preface, to have aimed at. If one may distinguish, as Mr. Gooch himself seems to do in the title, between history and historians, it may fairly be said that the book is far more concerned with historians that it is with history: it is rather a collection of appraisals of many historians than an ordered presentation of the evolution of historical research and interpretation as a phase of intellectual history.

Mr. Gooch's plan would almost of itself preclude any serious attempt to trace the evolution of historical inter-

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pretation as a phase of intellectual history. He has grouped his historians partly according to their nationality, partly according to the countries whose history they studied, partly according to the conception of history which inspired their work. To the synthetic mind it is a little irritating to find Niebuhr, a Dane, who wrote Roman history, placed with the Germans because he feared the French Revolution and was an inspiration to Ranke, although Mommsen, who *was* a German, is placed elsewhere because he was engaged in Roman studies, while Lamprecht, who wrote a "Deutsche Geschichte," is not classed with Treitschke, who wrote one also, but with Burckhardt, because, like Burckhardt, he had faith in the *socialpsyche*. Mr. Gooch probably has not the synthetic mind. There is no harm in that; but his classification is clearly not well suited to measuring "the political, religious, and social influences that have contributed to the making of celebrated books," or to analyzing "their effects on the life and thought of their time."

In this respect, therefore, one feels that Mr. Gooch has not been altogether successful. It is true, we learn what were the particular influences which directed Savigny, for example, or Ranke, Thierry or Michelet, Macaulay or Guizot to the study of the past; and the point of view from which they regarded it, as well as the conclusions which they arrived at and set down in their books. But their work is nowhere related to the "political, religious, and social influences of the time" in which they lived. Mr. Gooch does not tell us whether there was any philosophy of history common to these men, or what the connection was, or whether there was any connection at all, between this philosophy and the general ideas that lay at the basis of liberalism in politics, romanticism in literature, and idealism in philosophy proper. Similarly, although the reader understands that the ideals and methods of natural science had a great effect on the work of Taine, he will lay down the book with no clear notion of the profound influence which the positivist and materialistic tendencies in the third quarter of the century had upon the formation of the modern conception of "scientific history."

That Mr. Gooch is not much interested in such questions is partly due, no doubt, to his own attitude towards history—to his loyalty, if one may so express it, to the current orthodox conception. Manifestly, he approaches the subject from the point of view of a devotee of "scientific history." At the close of the Introduction, he tells us why there was, as he thinks, so little genuine historical work done before the last century. "The conditions which rendered it possible to set forth the truth without fear or favor were as rare as the will to learn it, and the critical equipment required for its discovery. For the liberty of thought and expression, the insight into different ages, and the judicial temper on which historical science depends, the world had to wait till the nineteenth century." Again, in connection with Froude: "The main duty of the historian is . . . interpretation of the complex processes and conflicting ideals which have built up the chequered life of humanity." And at the very close of the book: "While historical science is thus extending its conquests in every direction, the philosophy of history lags behind. But though it is not yet possible to formulate the laws explaining the purpose and the plan of human evolution, every true historian contributes equally with the student of science and psychology to the progress of our knowledge of man."

The salient characteristic of this somewhat naïve and altogether pleasant conception of history—a conception which is neither so complacently nor so generally held to-day as it was twenty years ago—is in supposing that the past can be known in some ultimately true and final manner: once determine what actually occurred in any part of it, however small, and so much of the historian's task is done for all time—a "permanent contribution to knowledge" has been made. And what is chiefly essential to such discovery is the proper way to go about it, the "true scientific method." This, unhappily, did not exist, was not, as it were, invented, till the nineteenth century; but, happily, does now exist; and, being every day more faithfully applied, and applied by more workers, will one day bring all the past within the category of the definitely known; so that the historian, having finished his predestined task, may give way to the philosopher, who will "formulate the laws explaining the purpose and the plan of human evolution."

If this indicates, doubtless with some exaggeration, Mr. Gooch's general point of view, it at the same time helps to explain his lack of interest in the sort of synthetic treatment suggested above. For if one already possesses, in the "scientific method," a standard of value for measuring and assessing historical work, it matters little in what order the masters of the craft are presented for the test, or whether they are seen in their proper social setting. The social setting is all important if one seeks an explanation rather than a judgment. But Mr. Gooch seeks, incidentally, to explain it is true, but fundamentally to judge, or, as he says, to "assess," the historians of the century: his primary interest is in determining to what extent any actual historian has approached to a kind of ideal historian—an historian whose research is based upon methods abstractly and universally valid, whose interpretation, precisely because he has withdrawn himself from the social setting, is untainted by prejudice or bias, and whose work is perfect because the facts which he declares, and the meaning he attaches to them, will prove a permanent possession. As a matter of course, therefore, it is possible to say which historian is "greater" and which "less"—and which is greatest: Ranke is "beyond comparison the greatest historical writer of modern times; . . . no one has ever approximated so closely to the ideal historian."

These remarks are offered, not in disparagement of Mr. Gooch's book, but in order to define it, to place it in *its* setting. One has but to accept the author's point of view, in respect to history, to find that there is singularly little to object to in his judgment of historians. He is at his best in portraying the masters of the craft, the great writers of Germany, France, and England, in summarizing their works, in balancing their merits against their defects. Not infrequently the gist of the matter is put in a striking sentence: Schlosser, he says, was a "child of the *Aufklärung*, who had learned the Categorical Imperative from Kant." Occasionally, perhaps, the just measure is sacrificed to the crisp phrase, as where it is said of Lamartine's "Girondins": "The most worthless and the most eloquent of books had done its work; the constitutional monarchy had been succeeded by the Second Empire." Many readers will not agree that the "literary ability of the massive prefaces [of Stubbs] was as striking as their erudition"; and some will think that Carlyle gets scant justice in the matter of style, while Ranke gets more than his due. But on the whole Mr. Gooch's judgments are remarkably fair-minded; and notably so in the case of certain writers whom the scientific historian too often dismisses as of slight worth—half-forgotten men like Gervinus, or men whose works will be long remembered, such as Froude and Taine. No judgment, of course, would please at once the ardent admirers of Taine and of Aulard, or of Froude and of Freeman; and no just judgment, it may be added, would please either.

Mr. Gooch's knowledge of the subject is remarkably accurate and detailed. It need scarcely be said that it is not derived exclusively from the sources. As a matter of course, he has read widely in the books which he describes, and his summaries and estimates of the principal historical works of the century are his own. Yet he is thoroughly familiar with the secondary literature, of which he makes discriminating use, so that his conclusions do not often differ widely from accepted views. In dealing with the Germans, for example, Mr.

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Gooch follows rather closely (as who would not?), sometimes even to phraseology, the profoundly penetrating essays of Lord Acton; but it is precisely an evidence of his independence that he has not embodied in his own work those judgments, often so original and illuminating and sometimes rather cryptic, which may be said to be peculiarly Actonian.

The nineteenth century is doubtless still too recent to be seen in right perspective. In the eyes of the future historian, one feels sure, the stature of this "historical century," even in the matter of historical research and interpretation, will appear much reduced. No doubt the student of historiography will always have much to say about our "scientific history"; but he will probably be interested in it less as a measure of value than as a phenomenon to be evaluated, less as an explanation than as something to be itself explained. And for those who seek below the surface for an explanation of the historical work of the century, it may be worth while to quote, as pointing the way, two sentences of Lord Acton. The notion that "the state does not exist for the purposes of men, and is not governed by laws of their devising, but by the Cosmic forces above," he pronounces to be "the strongest of all the agencies that have directed German effort towards history, *viewed as a remedy for the eighteenth century and the malady of vain speculation.*" And again: "All the successions of thought during three generations constitute the shaft whose shining point is made by the Berlin interpreters of enlightened and triumphant Germany. They are the legitimate dynasty, reigning by right as well as by force, inheritors of the line that came down from Burke to the last stage of evolution and selection, who have set up the reign of imperishable moral forces for an intermittent Providence, the play of passion, and the blind will of man."

## CURRENT FICTION.

*The Woman Thou Gavest Me.* Being the Story of Mary O'Neill written by Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Blazoned on the fly-leaf of this absurd book is a list of translations which are ready or in the making. We do not see that the story is likely to lose anything of importance in any of them. It has the sort of sensational mediocrity which is bound to appeal to the vulgar of any speech. Mary O'Neill and her Martin Conrad bid fair to be quite as convincing in Bohemian or Yiddish as in the tongue of Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine.

The theme is as threadbare as possible. A fair and innocent maiden is snatched from her convent to be married to a wicked lord. Her father, of course, is a millionaire of lowly origin. The maiden, having changed her name, wakes on her wedding night to the evil of the world, and refuses to change her estate. Wicked lord, furious but helpless, goes his wicked way and presently finds a fit companion, formerly the naughty girl of the convent. Maiden wife still does not love lord, but is jealous, and tries to lure him back to her side by painting her face and other fashionable wiles. He laughs at her, and she is on the eve of desperate action, when Martin Conrad, an old playmate, reappears, and Mary and he soon discover that they have always loved each other. Martin is an Antarctic explorer, about to make a dash for the pole; but he is ready to give up all for her if she will fly with him. This she will not do, partly because it would not be right, and partly because it would ruin his career. But the wicked lord sets a trap for them, and at the last moment she gives herself to Conrad. The upshot is that while he is pushing towards the pole, she is bearing him a child. She flies to London with a few pounds, is confined in a hospital, puts her child out to nurse, and slaves in a sweat-shop to provide for it. The third elaborately sensational moment in the book is that at which she brings herself to street-walking to keep her child from starvation, and the first man she approaches is Conrad! The moving conclusion is to the effect that although she does not regret having given herself to Conrad momentarily, or having meant to sell herself for bread, and though the wicked lord has divorced her, she will not marry Conrad. The utter muddlement and fuddlement of her mind (and apparently of the author's) are sufficiently shown in these adjacent passages from the woman's last message to the man:

> Don't think I regret that night at Castle Raa. If I have to answer to God for that, I will do so without fear, because I know He will know that, when the cruelty and self-seeking of others were trying to control my most sacred impulses, I was only claiming the right He gave me to be mistress of myself and sovereign of my soul. . . . All the same, my darling, to marry again is another matter. I took my vow before the altar, dear, and, however ignorantly I took it, or under whatever persuasion or restraint, it is registered in heaven.

*O Pioneers!* By Willa S. Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Few American novels of recent years have impressed us so strongly as this. There are two perils by which our fiction on the larger scale is beset—on the one hand a self-conscious cultivation of the "literary" quality, and on the other an equally self-conscious avoidance of it. The point may be illustrated by the work of two "late" novelists of native force, Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips. There was no doubt about the Americanism of either of them, so far as their subject-matter was concerned. It was the newer Americanism which has displaced the New Englandism of our nineteenth-century fiction. These men saw American life on a larger scale. Its scope and variety, its promise rather than its accomplishment, absorbed them. The big spaces and big emotions of Western life seemed to them far more interesting and more significant than the snug theory and languid practice of society in the smaller sense of the word. But Norris could not forget the books he had admired, and died before he had outgrown the influence of the French masters of "realism." Phillips, on the other hand, failed to shake off the pose of the plain blunt man, who thinks that the amenities of life are symptoms of weakness and that all Harvard men are snobs.

Now (in writing this story at least) it is the same big primitive fecund America which engages Miss Cather's imagination. She dwells with unforced emotion upon the suffering and the glory of those who have taught a desert to feed the world. The scene is laid in the prairie land of thirty years ago. The settlement to which we are taken is of some years' standing. The rough work has been done, the land cleared and broken up, sod homesteads built, crops planted—and then (the great test of courage and faith in that land) a succession of dry seasons. The weaker have already abandoned their claims, or lost them by mortgage. Only here and there a strong heart, like that of the heroine of the story, refuses to be discouraged, persists in believing that the country has a future. Her father, though defeated, has died in this faith, bequeathing it to her; so that when the stupid brothers wish to give up the fight, it is she who insists not only upon holding the land they have, but upon buying every acre they can in the thinning neighborhood. The years justify her, bringing wealth to her and to her beloved country. She prospers beyond her dull and penny-wise elder brothers, who nurse a grudge against her accordingly. Her heart she lavishes upon her younger brother, the baby of the family, and she procures for him the advantages of education which shall give him a larger horizon, more flexible interests, than her own. He is a fine lad, manly and responsive, but youth and circumstance prepare a dreadful end for him and for the hapless object of his love. The familiar matter of "rural tragedy" is here. Whether its detail is dwelt upon too ruthlessly is a question which readers will decide according to temperament and individual taste. To us the treatment of the episode seems justified by the mood of tragic emotion which underlies it. As for the bereaved sister, if loneliness has shadowed her youth and tragedy dark-

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ened her maturity, there still remains the quiet fulfilment of a long-dreamt-of happiness. The sureness of feeling and touch, the power without strain, which mark this book, lift it far above the ordinary product of contemporary novelists.

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*An Unknown Lover.* By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The agreeably irrepressible Grizel who blithely renounces a fortune to wed a modest novelist, and the scrupulously conscientious Katrine who hesitatingly permits herself the luxury of being wooed by correspondence, share equal honors. First there is the novelist's superannuated loyalty to the long dead bride of his youth to be dispelled, then the conscientious girl's cherished delusions as to the duties of a widower's sister. Grizel makes short work of both difficulties. She has no respect for tiresome duties. She insists upon making the novelist happy in her own way, and packs the chronically self-sacrificing sister off to India and the up-country station where the romantic correspondence took its rise. The voyage considerably enlarges Katrine's experience. Symptoms of the "Cranford cramp," contracted in twenty-six years of provincial English life, completely disappear. She arrives in Bombay horrified by her own sudden loss of principle, for even while the epistolary Jim awaits her she has fallen hopelessly in love with his brother-officer deputed to escort her from Port Said—a dilemma more apt to nonplus a heroine than a reader.

The story contrives to include a deathbed scene, a suicide at sea, and a shipwreck, without ever losing for more than a moment at a time its prevailing light-heartedness.

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## BUSINESS AND LAW.

*The American Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser.* Editors-in-Chief: John D. Long and William P. Wilson. Five volumes. Boston: J. B. Millett Co.

If we had not examined this voluminous publication with considerable care, we might have been tempted to adopt the typewritten estimate of the work with which the publishers have favored us. In one of the publishers' declarations we concur: "There are no other publications of this sort in the country." We do not hesitate to go further, and to declare that there ought not to be another. "Our main object," say the publishers, "has been to produce a work that is entirely devoted to such subjects as are of value to business men." Persons "just starting their business careers" are advised what industries are "back numbers," and, on the other hand, what vocational "lines have a big future for all the efficient and energetic people connected with them."

Opening the initial volume, we find that the editors inaugurate the "bold emprise" of the publishers with a four-page article on Abbreviations, beginning thus: "When in doubt about a business abbreviation, the best rule is to spell it out." Spell what out, we are moved to ask? Apparently the abbreviation. The reader is adjured never to employ the abbreviation "Gents." There is always time enough, he is told, to write out "Gentlemen," which is preferred to "Dear Sirs." Again, he is advised to use "Doctor" and "Professor" in full, "remembering, however, that professors in our leading universities usually prefer to be addressed as Mr." Sensible advice, undoubtedly. After giving the usual abbreviations of the names of the States, the contributor adds: "Note, however, that Cal. is often mistaken for Col.; Pa. for Philadelphia; Miss. for Missouri. It is well to spell out California, Mississippi, Missouri, Maine, Iowa, Ohio, Utah, Alaska, and Idaho; and to use Penn. or Penna. That care in adopting such abbreviations is a matter of dollars and cents, every mail-order house understands."

The matter of dollars and cents occupies a prominent place in the thought of the editors throughout these five volumes. If any one doubts this, let him examine such articles as Accountancy, Advertising, Banks, and Department Stores, with their accompanying bibliographies. Much interesting information is contained in this class of articles, and many of their suggestions should prove useful to the business man. Some of them remind one of the primer of one's boyhood. This is true especially of the discourse on correspondence, which rambles along disconnectedly through more than thirty pages and assures the reader, among other things, "that the pronoun I should always be capitalized."

It seems to have been "a matter of dollars and cents" that induced the publishers to furnish a generous supply of articles on legal problems. "Charges for legal services," to quote from their typewritten statement, "are regarded as among the important charges on most businesses of importance." The reduction of such charges by supplying the owner of this work with legal information which will enable him to solve or to avoid "the difficulties which are found in the path of every-day work," is one of the altruistic purposes of the publishers. And with ex-Secretary Long as editor-in-chief, many a person may be induced to expect that this purpose has been achieved. Alas! After reading many of these legal-problem dissertations, we are forced to wonder how much ex-Secretary Long could have written or revised of them. Certainly, he is not responsible for the following: "*Stare Decisis.*—Under the doctrine of *Stare Decisis, i. e.*, to abide by the principle of the decisions made by it, a court makes but few exceptions to this rule, and whenever it overrules or qualifies one of the earlier cases, it is called upon to show good cause for it. The public act under the law laid down by its highest court, make bargains, buy and sell, and do whatever the court decides it may." Nor do we believe that he is responsible for the definition of a check as "a bill of exchange drawn on a national bank on demand." It would be interesting to learn the source of the legal contributor's misinformation on this point. Most laymen and all lawyers know that a check may be drawn on a State bank or a private bank or banker as well as on a national bank.

The article on Sales consists of a reprint of much of the Uniform Sales Act, but without any commentary. That the contributor is not perfect master of his topic is indicated by his statement that the act was codified by "the committee on uniform laws of the American Bar Association," whereas it originated with the Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, a body wholly distinct from the American Bar Association.

The imperfections in the legal articles did not surprise us, for we had read the "editor's introduction to legal topics," and had found him asserting that the decisions of the New York Court of Appeals are reported in Cowin (misspelling for Cowen), Denio, Duer, and Johnson. Apparently, he is sweetly ignorant of the fact that the Court of Appeals was not in existence while Johnson, Cowen, and Denio were editing their reports, as well as of the further fact that Duer's reports are confined to cases in the Superior Court of the City of New York.

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*Schleiermacher:* A Critical and Historical Study. By W. B. Selbie, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25.

*The Theology of the Church of England.* By F. W. Worsley, M.A., B.D. The same.

These volumes belong to a new theological series entitled the Great Christian Theologies, edited by the Rev. Henry W. Clark, M.A.; and according to their statement they "are not controversial, except incidentally, but are primarily careful expositions of the theological systems dealt with."

The volume on Schleiermacher comes at a most appropriate time. For just now, when we are in the midst of romanticism, it is worth while to read Schleiermacher, whose significance in theology lies in his relation to the romantic school. Although he was never dominated by that movement, and would have regarded its excesses with horror,

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yet his first and in some respects most important book, "Reden über die Religion," was written under its influence, and within that school won great popularity. That influence, and his Moravian training, led him to give most emphasis to the immediacy of feeling as the ultimate element in the religious consciousness, especially the feeling of dependence on God. On the other hand, his studies in Plato, his loyalty to Kant, his practical experiences as a great preacher, enabled him to avoid extreme individualism. He tried to steer between rationalism and crude supernaturalism.

Principal Selbie has given a clear exposition of Schleiermacher's philosophy of religion, doctrine of God, the person of Christ, the Christian life, and the church. His criticism is just and discriminating. He recognizes the strength and weakness in Schleiermacher, "a man of his day, governed by its antecedents," and yet a man of the century, profoundly important in the history of serious thought. Considering the excellence of the work, and the fact that we have comparatively little in English about Schleiermacher, we heartily recommend this volume.

"The Theology of the Church of England," by F. W. Worsley, is in reality a commentary on the Thirty-nine Articles. The method is that of the Proof-text. Definitions are found in the Articles, and satisfactory explanations in quotations from the Book of Common Prayer. The depth and originality of this treatment may be judged by the statement: "These quotations need no comment; they demonstrate with perfect clearness the teaching of the church on the subject." Its reach of thought may be observed in its attitude towards the Atonement. Perhaps no question in theology is more difficult; yet this, having been defined as in the Articles, with a prayer from the Prayer Book as a gloss, is dismissed with the remark:

> It may be said at once that the Church of England does not discuss the many minor points and questions which may arise in connection with the Atonement. Probably many different theories are held in regard to them. The church is content with the broad outline in the statement quoted above, and indeed nothing further is really required.

One short chapter is given to the Being and Nature of God. The principal part of the book is devoted to creeds and sacraments. The former are authoritative; the latter are vehicles of grace. The style of the book is scholastic, the atmosphere ecclesiastical. The readers of the "Apologia" will remember the question which so seriously disturbed Newman. "What will you make of the Articles?" Evidently that question is still a troubler in the Anglican Israel.

*California: An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State.* By Arthur T. Johnson. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

*Under the Sky in California.* By Charles Francis Saunders. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

*California Coast Trails.* By J. Smeaton Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

*Out-of-Doors California and Oregon.* By J. A. Graves. Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Co. $1.50.

Eggs in California are so bad that it has become a custom never to serve one which has not had its contents first examined by the cook; consequently, if you ask for a boiled egg in a restaurant, the waiter brings it to the table with its contents turned into a glass—a most uninviting dish. This is one of the brilliant observations of an Englishman, Arthur T. Johnson, who has just honored the Golden State by adding another to the countless books written about it. And be it said at once, those bad eggs are merely a sample of the general rottenness of that overpraised State. It is overrated even as a fruit-growing and agricultural region; "hence the struggle for the tourist's money." It is the alien who makes most out of the soil; the Western American is never satisfied with anything, anywhere. He is a born gypsy, always eager to move on, after selling out to a tenderfoot from the East. And how they do misrepresent and cheat! Lying pamphlets are sent broadcast, and many are the victims; "but no one who has ever lived three weeks in California with his eyes open will hazard his money on that great gaming-table of earth, unless he does so in a spirit of sport and devil-may-care." To add insult to injury, the Californian has a most irritating way of laughing contemptuously if you happen to mispronounce one of the many Spanish names on his maps and real-estate circulars, although those names are almost the only things he himself speaks correctly.

In short, Mr. Johnson appears to have had a sad time of it in California, especially in the mosquito-infected irrigated regions, where everybody had "the shakes." In moving on from Sacramento towards Mount Shasta, he pitied the herds of sheep, defenceless against the merciless heat. The poor birds, with drooping wings, took refuge in the slender shade of the telegraph poles—the only available shade—keeping pace with it as it slowly moved; but for the weary traveller there was not even that comfort. At last he was cheered by the sight of snowy Shasta. That mountain he liked; in fact, there were several things in the State he managed to enjoy, among them the salmon and the rainbow trout, "the finest, gamest, loveliest fish that swims," the native redwood trees, the lovely exotic plants that adorn California. He was impressed by Los Angeles; her "splendid streets and great business blocks were a revelation"; and he was sorry to leave Catalina Island and, later, Santa Barbara and Monterey; also, he admits that the electric trolley system of Los Angeles is the best he has ever seen in any land. In conclusion, he gives Californians a bit of advice they need badly: They must not, he says, expect wealthy European tourists to submit to their habit of having only three meals a day and those at fixed and limited hours. Furthermore:

> California may have the climate of Paradise, but she will never get the European winter visitors—as Nice and Mentone get them—or the wealthy Eastern American visitor either, until she more closely studies the desires of others, until she puts Mrs. Grundy in the cupboard and prepares to resolutely defend her liberties against those universal pests, the so-called reformers, female orators, meddling Sabbatarians, and other faddists.

Opposed to Mr. Johnson is the author of "Under the Sky in California," to whom everything is *couleur de rose*, even the desert. One reason why Mr. Saunders liked the desert so much better than Mr. Johnson did was that he did not go to see it at random, but when it had on its holiday attire. His object in visiting the desert regions was chiefly to study flowers and paint them, and he went at the right time to each section, knowing that, to be seen in the glory of its spring, the Mojave should not be visited till early May, whereas the Colorado Desert offers its best in March, although those who are heat-proof may linger till May or even June to enjoy the glorious display of cactus blossoms, of the purple tree-dalea, and the gold-bespangled palo verde.

Useful hints to those who would see the deserts at their best are given by Mr. Saunders. But the deserts are only a detail in his general scheme. He travelled many hundreds of miles, in all parts of the State, and while there is a chapter on the Tourist Towns from San Diego to Monterey, the greater part of his book is devoted to the immensity of almost unexplored mountains, cañons, and flowery plains, of which the ordinary tourist at most gets a glimpse from the car window. The California known to hunters and anglers, to prospectors and cowboys, to miners and Indians, is the California we learn to know better in this delightfully sympathetic and entertaining volume. The author is an expert in camping, which is a recreation most Californians indulge in passionately at least once a year. He has much to say about desirable equipment, and some of his cooking recipes are worth trying at home; but he gives this counsel: "Never attempt to camp at

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all, unless some one of your number understands how to cook and thoroughly enjoys it." He found the cost of camping no more per week than it is to live in a hotel a day. The Yosemite is seen to best advantage by campers, who have better opportunities to enjoy the sights by day and the "nights of the gods," tents being usually superfluous in this climate. On this climate Mr. Saunders has one of the most informing and unbiassed chapters we have ever seen; nor has any one given a better answer than he (pp. 246-56) to the question so many Easterners ask themselves: "Could I make a living in California?"

J. Smeaton Chase is another enthusiast to whom California is "by much the most beautiful, interesting, and attractive of all the States of the Union." In this opinion he was more than confirmed by two trips he took, one south from Los Angeles, the other north to the Oregon boundary, aggregating together some 2,000 miles. They were leisurely horseback journeys through the coast regions, and he particularly emphasizes the fact that there is only one region of the United States (with few anywhere else) in which one may travel with enjoyment for half a year continuously, secure from climatic vagaries, and carrying on the animal one rides everything needful for comfort by day and night. He gives a list of the things he took, admitting that they made a good load for his horse; but his daily stages were short, as his object was not to make speed, but to look about at ease. The most entertaining pages are those telling of his agreeable experiences with the dwellers in these regions. Among them all he found a surprising amount of hospitality, regardless of whether they were native Californians or Mexicans, or Irish, or Italians, or Portuguese. For the Californian Spaniards and Mexicans he professes a genuine liking.

Mr. Graves's book gives the experiences of a well-known citizen of Los Angeles as an automobilist of the present and a hunter of the past, chiefly, though there is also a section headed "Last Quail Shoot of the Year 1911." Shooting is not what it used to be in the days when the author, as a boy of eight, began to carry a shotgun, and often, on going to bring home the cows, brought back a dozen or so quail, slain with one gunshot. There are accounts of a visit to the Yosemite and an auto trip through the Sierras. But the most readable and novel chapter is one entitled "Professor Lo, Philosopher." It is about an Indian whom the author found fishing, and engaged in conversation. To his amazement, the Indian talked about everything under the sun, much like a professor; and, indeed, he proved to be professor of belles-lettres and philosophy in the Indian College on the Klamath reservation. His wife, who presently joined them, was an old Indian woman, clad in a calico wrapper, bareheaded and barefooted. The author had noticed, before he spoke to the professor, that on catching grasshoppers he ate three of every five, keeping the others for bait. In this and other respects he was still a savage; a "savage" also (as the author might have added, perhaps, had not a guilty conscience prevented) in both his fishing and hunting habits: "I never catch more fish, or kill more game, than I need for my present wants."

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*The Old Irish World.* By Alice Stopford Green. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Readers of Mrs. Green's "Making of Ireland and Its Undoing" will be prepared for both the excellences and the defects of her latest work on Irish history. They will find in "The Old Irish World" the same wit and vivacity, the same shrewdness in argument, and the same strong and effective insistence on the use of native Irish materials in the investigation of Irish history, which have characterized her earlier writings. They will recognize the justice of many of her claims, and will perhaps find an excuse for the unduly controversial tone of the book in the unquestionable prejudice of many writers against whom it is aimed. But they will hardly lay the work down, in our opinion, with the feeling that Mrs. Green herself has achieved the result of writing sober and impartial history.

The volume has less the character of a learned treatise than the "Making of Ireland." It is rather a collection of popular essays or lectures, with no special order or unity beyond the fact that they all bear upon Irish history or illustrate the character of Irish civilization. Two chapters, the first and the last, are direct protests against the treatment which Ireland has received at the hands of British historians. Between these is a chapter on Trade Routes, which sets forth interestingly the commercial relations between Ireland and the Continent in early times, and emphasizes some facts which are often overlooked; an account of A Great Irish Lady (Margaret, the wife of Calvagh O'Connor of Offaly), which is disappointing in that it tells us much less of the lady than of the troublous times in which she lived; and a description and historical sketch of the old castle at Ardglass, recently restored as a monument of Irish civilization. The author makes all three chapters bear upon her main thesis by emphasizing the evidences they offer of native Irish virtue, culture, hospitality, or material prosperity.

In so far as Mrs. Green's arguments, either here or in her other writings, challenge the traditional "wild Irish" theory that has obtained in many literary and historical books, they serve a good purpose. Without doubt, British historians have often shown as little sympathy in writing of Ireland as some British statesmen have manifested in their attempts to govern her. A substantial treatise might be written on the successive phases of anti-Irish satire in English poetry, drama, history, and journalism; and while much of the contempt visited on the Irish is the natural feeling of the political and economic superior for the poorer and less successful race, much of it is unquestionably the product of mere ignorance and misunderstanding. It is only lately that the advance of Celtic scholarship has made it possible, on the historical side, to present Ireland in a truer light, and Mrs. Green is doing well in her determined effort to spread the new knowledge. But now that she has made her protest, or joined it to that of native historians before her, we wish that she might write, on her own side, with a little less animus.

The time is ripe for an impartial estimate of the value of Irish civilization, made in the light of the best Celtic scholarship. There are real problems at issue, and the solution of them is by no means easy. If the disparagement of the "wild Irish" party must be discounted on the one hand, so, on the other, must the claims made for Irish culture be critically examined. The language of native writers concerning saints and scholars, law-givers and poets, cannot be taken at its face value, but sound and fair standards of comparison must be applied to the various phases of Irish civilization. We believe that, on the whole, the reputation of Ireland will gain from such an examination.

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# Notes

The Frederick A. Stokes Company will shortly issue the following novels: "The Way of Ambition," by Robert Hichens; "The Heart of the Desert," by Honoré Willsie; "Anne, Actress," by Juliet G. Sager; "Dave's Daughter," by P. B. Cole; "A Modern Eve," by May Edginton; a volume of short stories by Richard Dehan, under the title "The Headquarter Recruit," and a romance entitled "The Soul of Melicent," by James Branch Cabell.

A new novel by Meredith Nicholson, entitled "Otherwise Phyllis," is announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company, as are also the following: "Midshipman Days," by Roger West; "The Housekeeper's Handy Book," by L. M. Baxter; a new edition of Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and a number of children's books in the Orange Tree series, illustrated in color by Patten Wilson.

The autumn list from McClurg & Company includes, under fiction: "The Maid of the Forest," by Randall Parrish; "The

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Dominie of Harlem," by Arnold Mulder; "A Master's Degree," by M. H. McCarter; "The Great Plan," by E. H. Mason; "The Island of the Stairs," by C. T. Brady; "Captain Protheroe's Fortune," by Oswald Kendall; "The Coming of Cassidy," by C. E. Mulford.—History and travel: "The Odyssey of the Philippine Commission," by D. R. Williams; "The Story of the Pony Express," by G. D. Bradley; "Kit Carson Days," by E. L. Sabin; "The Coming Canada," by J. K. Goodrich: "The Story of California," by H. K. Norton.—Juvenile: "The Trail to El Dorado," by J. M. Hanson; "Will o' the Wasps," by Margaret Warner Morley; "The Wilderness Castaways," by Dillon Wallace; "Flamehair the Skald: A Tale of the Days of Hardrede," by H. Bedford-Jones; "Billy To-Morrow's Chums," by Sarah Pratt Carr; "Storming Vicksburg," by Byron A. Dunn; "The Enchanted House, and Other Fairy Stories," by E. O. Harrison.—Miscellaneous: "The Study of Literature," by P. H. Pearson; "Myths and Legends of the Plains," by K. B. Judson; "The Making of an Oration," by Clark Mills Brink; "Choice Readings," by Robert McLean Cumnock; "Early English Water Color," by C. E. Hughes; "How to Improve the Memory," by Edwin G. Lawrence; "American Irrigation Farming," by W. H. Olin; "The New Competition," by Arthur Jerome Eddy; "Daly's Billiard Book," by Maurice Daly and W. W. Harris; "Dame Curtsey's Book of Candy Making," by Ellye Howell Glover; "Free Trade vs. Protection," by Amasa M. Eaton, and eight new works in the National Social Science Series, edited by Frank L. McVey.

The Selden Society has issued and sent to its members in America the regular and also an extra volume of its publications for the year 1913. The volume for 1911, however, is still delayed in the hands of its editor. One of the volumes for 1913 is of the Year Book series, Volume VIII, being Volume III of, and completing, the Eyre of Kent, 6 and 7 Edw. II, 1313-1314. The secretary and treasurer of the Selden Society for the United States is Mr. Richard W. Hale, whose new address is No. 16 Central Street, Boston. If the Society should have the additional support which it endeavors to deserve, it might be able to carry out its ambition to give an extra volume every year, publishing one Year Book and one volume of more varied character.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, with whom the name and fame of Francis Thompson are a kind of sacred deposit, has made a careful edition of his works which Scribners publish in this country in three substantial volumes. In dealing with the verse Mr. Meynell has had at his command the last revisions of the poet, which render this edition definitive. Some readers will prefer to have "The Hound of Heaven," "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," and his few other really great lyrics in a small volume of selections, and it may be said plausibly that the difficulty of reading Thompson's poems increases by a sort of geometrical ratio with their bulk. But we have acquired a taste for complete editions, and Thompson wrote less than many a lesser poet. The quality of his verse Arthur Symons once expressed in a fit metaphor: "Other poets of his time have had deeper things to say, and a more flawless beauty; others have put more of their hearts into their song; but no one has been a torch waved with so fitful a splendor over the gulfs of our darkness." The third volume of this edition contains the prose—the essay on Shelley (a miracle of critical genius to some; to others a piece of overblown enthusiasm), "Health and Holiness" (a subtle study of spirituality and asceticism), and a group of literary reviews and brief critical articles. These last one naturally compares with the similar remains of Lionel Johnson recently published. They are not a match for Johnson's work in learning, penetration, or judgment, but they are well worth reading. There are three portraits of Thompson at various ages. Mr. Meynell is to be thanked for executing so well a task of piety.

The personality of Salisbury Plain, with its cathedral, Stonehenge, the Saxon and Roman camps at Old Sarum, and its rolling chalk downs, diversified by occasional quaint villages, Ella Noyes has tried to express in a volume ("Salisbury Plain," Dutton), to which Dora Noyes contributes a number of illustrations. Some scholarship has gone into an attempt to trace the historical background of the more important localities, and literary and architectural attractions have their space; but the best portions of the book are the descriptions of agricultural life and village customs, reminiscent in their way of Jefferies himself, who is buried in Salisbury. With the northern and eastern parts of the plain invaded by military camps, and the vicinity of Salisbury overrun by tourists, it is a pity more space was not given such places as Longford, Bemerton (where Herbert had his charge, "appearing twice every day at the church prayers," as Izaak Walton tells us), Durrington, and Bulford. Even such a seat as the wooded demesne of Fonthill, where the Nadder skirts the plain, and Beckford held extravagant sway, is dismissed with a footnote reference.

Books of the type of Lady Macdonell's "Reminiscences of a Diplomatic Life," imported by Macmillan, can hardly be produced in America, though they are common enough on the other side. Lady Macdonell is more consciously the person of quality than the diplomat's wife. Least of all would she wish to be regarded as a writing woman. These are merely "stray memories," the idle product of certain convalescent hours, meant for the amusement of her family and published only at their request. Her disclaimer of literary pretensions is somewhat quaintly borne out by the attribution to Matthew Arnold of the single quotation in the book, the line "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way," and her style has the good-humored inaccuracy which, romantic fiction to the contrary, belongs to the speech of the upper world. But that is neither here nor there, since the book is offered as a document and not as a work of art.

Lady Macdonell's father was a younger son of good Yorkshire stock, who went as a lad to Buenos Ayres, made his fortune there, and there married an English girl and brought up a family. Presently one Hugh Macdonell came to Buenos Ayres as a Secretary of the British legation. He was all a girl could ask for; "he danced beautifully, was a splendid shot, and a first-rate horseman"; and promptly fell in love with one of the beautiful Misses Lumb. Not long after their marriage he was appointed to Madrid; and in the years that followed he served as attaché successively in Berlin, Rome, and Munich. In 1885 he procured his promotion as Minister to Rio de Janeiro, and later held the same post at Copenhagen and at Lisbon, retiring in 1902. To these various scenes Lady Macdonell brought an unaffected enjoyment of society, and a warm interest in the great people with whom she was thrown. When the shift was made to Berlin, she was already the mother of three children, but had lost nothing of her childlike zest for "a good time." The old Emperor was very attentive to her, and the Crown Prince (the present Emperor) became a sort of playmate: "then a fine young man, with a strong sense of fun and fond of teasing." She records how he swung her off her feet in dancing; and how when, to tease her, he once accused her of cheating at draughts, she leaned over and boxed his ears. It is this sort of experience which pretty frankly means to the author of these reminiscences "a diplomatic life." It might have been unsafe for Hugh Macdonell to practice the same kind of diplomacy!

In "London Streets" (London: T. N. Foulis), Mr. Arthur H. Adams has made himself the singer of the great metropolitan thoroughfares. The Strand, Fleet Street, Hyde Park, Cheyne Walk, among others, are celebrated in a modification of the rather inflexible stanza of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám." Whether a varying verse would not have lent itself better to the multifarious aspects of the city, is a fair question. But that Mr. Adams has by no means failed in eliciting poetry from a subject which seems to strike the modern imagination with particular force, is evident from the following lines on the Temple:

> About its feet the city brawls;
> But deep within high sheltering walls,
> The shadows dawdle listlessly,
> Reluctantly the fountain falls.
>
> For this an isle of silence seems,
> A cloistered place between two streams,
> For Fleet Street here goes swirling past,
> And here the Thames remembering dreams . . .
>
> So the loud city has its deeps
> Of solitude, as though it keeps
> The silence of the country-side
> About the place where Goldsmith sleeps.

The publishers of the useful and inexpensive little books collectively entitled "A History of the Sciences" (Putnam) have included in the series two volumes on the history of ancient and modern philosophy by A. W. Benn. Mr. Benn writes from a lifelong study of the philosophical classics, and he has the art of being concise without being dry; so that, though his expositions are at times open to criticism, he has on the whole told the long and complex story of European speculation more readably than it has hitherto been told in English in such extremely small compass. He is perhaps more at home among the ancients than the moderns. The writers and tendencies of the last half-century are treated with disproportionate brevity, and with far less understanding than are those of earlier periods. The general character of the series might well have suggested a closer corre-

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lation of the history of philosophy with that of natural science than is attempted.

In the seven consecutive and closely coherent essays which make up Sir Francis Younghusband's "Within" (Duffield), the author has attempted what can hardly be better described than by calling it a philosophical view of the essentials of human life. Though the theme is therefore a somewhat tremendous one, the treatment is modest and unpedantic; and though some of the views expressed may seem to many readers, even in these days, extremely radical, few into whose hands the book is likely to fall will find it other than delightful reading, so well written is it, on the whole, so fine and even-tempered in tone. The subtitle, "Thoughts During Convalescence," is explained in the first essay. There the fact is brought out that the book is the result of a very painful and all but fatal motor accident of which the author was the victim some time in 1912. During the long days of his slow recovery, his thoughts were directed more insistently than they had ever been before to the enigma of suffering in a world commonly supposed to be under the dominion of a being at once kind and benevolent, and omnipotent. Consideration of this enigma leads Sir Francis to the conclusion that there can be no such being, and then to an attempt at the formulation of views consistent with the known facts of existence. These views have some kinship to those of English Positivists like Mr. Frederic Harrison; but they are the product of markedly independent thinking, and cannot profitably be placed in any familiar category. Orthodox Christianity itself would doubtless claim for its own the conclusion of the author that love is the fundamental and final good in human life; but it would be very far from approving his handling of love, particularly in reference to marriage and the domestic relations. Even here, however, what he has to say is both strikingly and graciously put.

"The Bliss Book" (Hartford: privately printed), by Charles Arthur Hoppin, is one of the best of the newer, readable type of genealogies. In connection with the account of the early Blisses, considerable information is given concerning the life and customs of feudal and Tudor England. Full copies of ancient records and attractive half-tones of the churches and towns mentioned in the text add greatly to the value and character of the volume. Mr. Hoppin's comment on the Bliss arms and their use is interesting and suggestive, even if purposely vague. Historical accuracy seems to have been kept constantly in mind, with the result that the American pedigree extends only to 1460 rather than to that too popular 1066. The volume is a large quarto of 184 pages, and many illustrations.

There seems but little excuse for the publication in this country of a book like Edward Thomas's "The Icknield Way" (Dutton). The first general chapter, On Roads and Footpaths, is interesting and promises well; the second chapter contains a succinct and painstaking account of the history and traditions of the Icknield Way, the ancient road that crossed England from east to west and is still traceable over the greater part of its course. These two chapters would make an acceptable pamphlet issued under the auspices of an English archæological or topographical society. Later chapters record details of the author's tramp over a portion of the road and include extracts from his philosophy of life and snatches of conversation with chance acquaintances of the way. Borrow could make this sort of thing extraordinarily fascinating, but Mr. Thomas, although a confessed Borrovian, is by no means a Borrow, and the reader who must follow his peregrinations finds himself limping in spirit no less than did the author on his blistered feet. We are not optimistic enough to think that many American readers will be inspired by this book to spend their next European vacation on Shanks's mare tracing the course of the Icknield Way. The illustrations, some in color, by A. L. Collins, are attractive.

There is one State in the Union, at least, that has so organized its activities in historical research as to promote the greatest industry in publication; and that State is Iowa. Under the general superintendency of Prof. Benamin F. Shambaugh, the State Historical Society turns off volume after volume, series after series, in the greatest profusion; and the most amazing fact is that a relatively high standard is maintained. The two latest volumes are intended to supply the need of the Legislature of the State with facts for their guidance in future legislation. The Society is developing into a kind of historical reference bureau. Mr. John E. Brindley, in his "History of Road Legislation in Iowa," treats his subject chronologically, from the time when plank roads were popular down to the present-day movement for good roads. The second volume is the "History of Work Accident Indemnity in Iowa," by E. H. Downey. This is a general treatise on the law and economics of the subject and is well done. As is the case with all the volumes from the Iowa Historical Society, the printing and binding are excellent. Each volume has an analytical index; but the arrangement of the notes and references at the end of the volumes is most inconvenient for the reader, and should be abandoned in future publications.

The small volume on contemporary German philosophy by Professor Külpe, of Bonn, which now appears in an English version by M. L. and G. T. W. Patrick ("The Philosophy of the Present in Germany," Macmillan), is designed for the general reader, and has for a decade had a wide circulation in its original form; it was therefore a book which clearly called for translation. The reader will not, indeed, find in it all that the title seems to promise. It attempts no synoptic view of the present state of the German mind in relation to philosophical issues; and of the individual teachers whose opinions it expounds, several were in their prime more than half a century ago; while numerous living philosophical writers of consequence are unmentioned or but briefly touched upon. The book is chiefly a concise presentation, with some slight criticism, of the doctrines of Mach, Dühring, Haeckel, Nietzsche, Fechner, Lotze, Hartmann, and Wundt.

The translation is occasionally happy as well as faithful; but more often it follows Külpe's German too closely to be agreeable, or even always intelligible, English. The original, it is true, is written in the sort of blurred, circumlocutory, professorial German which, to be truly Englished, needs to be translated into another intellectual as well as another verbal idiom. But not all the faults of the translation are explicable on this ground. For example, "reale Disziplinen" does not signify "real sciences," but sciences of empirical facts, in contrast with the sciences of formal relations. When the author says that to logic and mathematics the "reale Bedeutung" of their objects is unimportant, he means that it is indifferent to those sciences whether their objects exist or not —not that "the question of the real significance of their objects" is unimportant for them. The phrase "just as little is it identical with the conscious reality of the facts expressed" (p. 135) makes the entire passage meaningless; the sense is: "just as little is it identical with the actual content of consciousness." "Die achtziger Jahre des 19. Jahrhunderts" were not "the *eighth* decade" of the century—though this is rather an arithmetical than a linguistic blunder. Proper names are printed throughout in italics—a disagreeable typographical affectation which it is to be hoped will not be imitated.

Black's "Guide to Ireland" (Macmillan) has now appeared in its twenty-fifth edition. In the absence of a Baedeker for Ireland, Black's book has long been used as the best available substitute, and while it does not quite measure up to the standard set by Baedeker, it nevertheless deserves high praise as a digest of practical information for tourists. The accounts of routes of travel, hotels, and local institutions of all sorts are full and trustworthy. The book is conveniently arranged and well indexed, and supplied with plenty of maps. But on the side of history, archæology, and the fine arts, the reader will miss the systematic essays, usually the work of learned experts, which Baedeker's guidebooks contain. Black's introductory notes on the Irish language, and to a less degree those on art and archæology, seem very meagre by contrast. They have been somewhat expanded since earlier editions, but to be of any real value they ought to be rewritten at greater length by competent scholars. Considerable information of an historical character, we ought to add, is given in the body of the work, in the accounts of various places, and the compilers seem in general to have drawn upon good sources.

The new volume of "The English Factories in India" (The Clarendon Press), carefully edited like its predecessors, with an introduction, by Mr. William Foster, calendars documents in the India Office for the years 1642-1645. As this is the period corresponding with the beginning of the Civil War, from the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham to the battle of Naseby, one naturally wonders how the strife affected the East India Company. Apparently the war interfered with the company less than might be expected. To be sure, the market for Indian silks fell off sharply, and one of the company's ships was betrayed into the hands of the royalists by her jealous and cantankerous captain, who tricked his superiors into landing on a barren shore and then sailed away to England without them. Otherwise the Civil War was without serious effect on trade in the East. Much more serious was

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the continuous competition of Courteen's rival trading association and the superior power and success of the Dutch. "The Dutch in these parts," says a characteristic English letter from India, "only prosper and flourish by their industry, patience, and indefatigable paines and unalterable resolutions obtain what they please." The attempts of the English to open trade in China at Macao and in the Philippines at Manila, which are described in picturesque letters in this volume, met with less success than they deserved.

Through the generosity of one of its resident members, the Colonial Society of Massachusetts has been able to issue the second volume of its Collections (Boston: Published by the Society), containing the extant royal commission granted to certain of the crown officials of Massachusetts Bay from 1681 to 1774, both dates included. The material for this volume has been in preparation for many years, ever since in 1893 Abner C. Goodell presented to the Society copies of certain commissions and instructions that were in his hands, with permission to print. Lack of funds and a growing realization that further and more prolonged search was necessary before printing should be begun led to continued postponements, until in 1910, when pecuniary support had finally been assured, it was found that enough material had accumulated to fill two volumes. This accumulation was due to the decision reached by the Society to print not only the royal commissions, but the royal instructions also; and the same member having placed the Society under additional obligations by offering to pay for the printing of the new material, a second volume will be issued in the near future. The documents here presented number fifty-eight in all and include all the royal commissions that the editor has been able to discover, either himself in Boston or through agents in London. The series is not complete, as five of the commissions have eluded the editor's search; but the loss is not great, for these five commissions would have added nothing of value to the historian, being duplicates in all essential particulars of similar commissions already obtained. The collection as a whole is unique, none of the original thirteen colonies having printed anything like a complete series of these royal documents; the best that has been done hitherto is the issue, here and there, without any pretence at systematic presentation, of an occasional instrument. The Society, therefore, is to be heartily commended for its enterprise, and the anonymous member who furnished the funds deserves thanks not only of the Society, but of all interested in colonial history. The work has been done with great care, and the editor, Albert Matthews, has demonstrated again, as so often before, his ability to perform the work that he has been called upon to do. Aid in compiling the second volume will be furnished in the forthcoming report of the American Historical Association, which we recommend to the editor for his guidance.

Italian immigration plays so important a part in our social and industrial life that we welcome every means which enables us to understand it better. One of these is *La Vita Italiana all' Estero*, a monthly magazine, which began publication last January. It consists of eighty pages a number, and contains many articles and discussions concerning the condition of the Italians in the United States. Its editor, Dr. Giovanni Preziosi, has spent much time in this country, and is the author of the best book on the Italian situation here. His journal naturally pays great attention to the hardships suffered by immigrants, and it expresses the popular Italian opinion on supposed abuses and injustice; but it aims at fairness. In the July number, for instance, M. Piacentini gives a temperate account of the Ettor-Giovannitti case, showing that they were not tried merely because they were Italians, as was the current supposition in Italy, but because they were suspected of statutory crimes. He adds that it is praiseworthy that the responsibility of the strike leaders towards society should be increased, so that strikes may be conducted with dignity instead of with violence. The *Vita Italiana* is published at Via Due Macelli, 9, Rome; its annual subscription is 12 lire.

"Italy To-day," by Bolton King and Thomas Okey, was first issued in 1901. In 1909 a "new" edition appeared. Now we receive a "new and enlarged edition" (Scribner), but we fail to discover any statistics or references to public events later than 1909. This is unfortunate, because during the past four years Italy has witnessed the close of an old epoch and the opening of a new. For better or for worse, the Italians have assumed the rôle of world power; so that the "To-day" of Messrs. King and Okey, which takes no note of this, seems already antiquated. Nevertheless, the more fundamental conditions described by them have not wholly changed, and their work may still be consulted with profit, although their strong socialist bias and their generally pessimistic view of Italy and the Italians color, if they do not sometimes vitiate, their statements.

The Rev. Dr. Marvin Davis Bisbee, for many years librarian of Dartmouth College, is dead at Portland, Me. Dr. Bisbee was born in Chester, Vt., June 23, 1845. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1871, and prepared for the ministry at the Andover Theological Seminary. He entered the Congregational ministry in 1874. In 1881 he became associate editor of the Boston *Congregationalist*. He was appointed professor of divinity and librarian at Dartmouth in 1886, and professor of bibliography in 1893. In 1910 Dr. Bisbee retired on a Carnegie Fund pension.

## Science

*The Geography of New Zealand: Historical, Physical, Political, and Commercial.* By P. Marshall. Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs.

On October 10 last, three works on the geography of Australia were reviewed in these columns. They were treated as applications of the doctrines of the new American school of physiography. The volume by Professor Marshall on the geography of New Zealand is another application of the same methods and concepts, and it is worthy of its place in the series. It owes not a little of its merit to the luminous introduction by Professor Gregory, now of Glasgow, to the chapter on geysers by the same writer, and to the chapter on earthquakes by Mr. George Hogben. On all the topics there discussed, and, indeed, on all that are connected with physiography, New Zealand has something to teach.

While New Zealand consists of two large, one smaller, and many small islands, its structure is continental. Its rock-sequence is as complete as that of Australia, which is thirty times as large. It is still immature. While Australia is comparatively stable, New Zealand is still rising and falling, and great earth-movements are yet in progress. The important physiographical agents are unusually active, and powerful forces are wearing the country down. Hence the variety and freshness of its land-forms. The rivers are still undergoing development. Valleys and mountains are equally immature. The planing down of ancient mountain ranges and the dissection of old plateaus can be plainly discerned. Here fan-shaped deltas and there fan-shaped hills betray their common origin. Here, too, the river that forms the fan is observed to have been captured and destroyed. It is illuminating to know that the great Hauraki Gulf, with its magic clusters of islands —emeralds set in a sapphire sea—is a drowned river-valley. Beaches that have not yet lost their freshness mark the recent elevation of the coast. Everywhere we perceive the tool-marks of the demiurgic powers. The flora and the fauna are alike archaic. And we may add that, in many parts of the country, the very soil is too unripe to carry cereals, because it has never been enriched by decayed foliage.

Not a little of the book is new, and in parts the authors are at variance with one another. In opposition to Professor Gregory the view of Professor Marshall is that the features of New Zealand have been formed by extensive glacial erosion, though in other respects he would limit the action of huge glaciers. Peculiar facts are often elucidated. Thus, the abundant hanging valleys are found in districts where glaciation has been most severe, and are lacking in others that have never been glaciated.

Professor Gregory shows how the theory of geysers due to the observations of Descloiseaux and the work of Bunsen and Tyndall is confirmed by the geysers of New Zealand, which for four short years had the greatest geyser in the world, as it still has the loftiest waterfall.

Mr. Hogben's chapter on earthquakes is brief but masterly, and it is probably the best contribution on the subject from this part of the world. It adduces con-

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firmatory evidence of the theory that earthquakes are connected with fault-movements and repacking processes. Most of that evidence, though still meagre and disconnected, bears in favor of the view that the floor of the Western Pacific is gradually elevating.

But much of New Zealand remains unexplored. Meanwhile, it appears certain that, with its immeasurable water-power, it will resemble the Scandinavian countries that are almost antipodal, by becoming the centre of the electro-chemical industries of the southern hemisphere.

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The first number of the University of California Publications in Geography is an account of "The Russian River, a Characteristic Stream of the California Coast Ranges," by Prof. Rufus S. Holway. The chief problem here discussed is the departure of the river from an open valley, which it follows southeastward for fifty miles and which continues to San Francisco Bay, by flowing westward for twenty miles through a rugged cañon cut in a highland a thousand feet in altitude. The manner of discussion is one that is often followed in modern geographical investigations, in that it is chiefly concerned with the discovery of past conditions as an end in itself, and that it does not proceed sufficiently to the systematic generalization of those conditions, whereby they may be used in the explanatory description of existing features. The essay is illustrated by a number of excellent photo-plates, but the direction in which the views are taken is unfortunately indicated only on the accompanying map, and not in the explanatory legend.

An atlas, or "Mapa escolar," of the Republic of Chili on a scale of 1:1,500,000 has lately been issued. It was prepared by order of the Minister of Public Instruction, Don Domingo Amunátegui Solar, during the Presidency of his Excellency, Sr. Don Pedro Montt, constructed under the direction of Chief Engineer Don José del G. Fuensalida, and printed in ten or more colors by Justus Perthes, of Gotha. The long north-southward extent of nearly 3,000 miles requires the subdivision of the country into nine double-page sections, each of which includes an area of the Pacific on the west and a liberal extension eastward into Argentina. The three strikingly unlike divisions of the republic are well brought out: in the north, the arid or desert district, with salt basins in the highlands and scanty population on the barren coastal lowlands; in the middle, the fertile and well-occupied belt between the lofty Andes and the discontinuous coast ranges; and in the south, the region of glaciers on the higher mountains, lakes in the inner valleys, and long fiords and channels between the countless islands of the coast. The atlas is especially interesting in connection with the Chilian-Argentine boundary and the dispute of some years ago regarding the interpretation of its definition as following "the crest of the Andes between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific." This definition could not be applied in the north, because the crest line is there double, enclosing basins that do not drain to either ocean; nor in the south, where the crest line is deeply cut down by valleys which drain lakes lying at the eastern base of the mountains, the divide between the two oceans there lying on the pampas farther east. The compromise decision made by the late King Edward VII was accepted by the two countries, and the line thus determined is well displayed in the atlas.

The "Common Diseases" (Houghton Mifflin) of Woods Hutchinson is, as usual, a collection of his articles, nineteen in all, already utilized in magazines. A goodly number of diseases are discussed in such a way as to enlighten the ordinary reader and particularly to lessen the vague dread of many of them. We have often found this author somewhat wild in his generalizations and given to too much looseness of statement. In this book these defects are by no means altogether absent, but they seem much less obnoxious than usual. Those to whom the Hutchinsonian breeziness is not wearisome may read him with comfort and profit, not least his chapters on worry, obesity, and drugging. Concerning obesity we miss the illuminating dictum of Mr. Dooley that "when a man is in the prime of life he should be provisioned," leanness being the proper portion of only very young and very old men. There are also entertaining and instructive chapters on insomnia and imaginary diseases, which ought to be helpful to any one who suffers from them. "Necator Americana" (p. 317) is a bad slip in proof-reading, but the correct form appears in the index.

## Drama and Music

The publication of the Tudor "Hamlet," Sonnets, and the second part of "Henry VI," which have now reached us, leaves but two volumes in this series (Macmillan) forthcoming—"The Tempest" and "Antony and Cleopatra." Prof. George P. Baker, who edits "Hamlet," offers no new theories, yet sifts the evidence of previous judgments, both as to text and interpretation, with the care to be expected of him. The only important omission we have noted is his failure to summarize Prof. A. C. Bradley's masterly analysis of this perplexing character. On page x "1554" should read 1594. Prof. Raymond M. Alden presents the time-honored problems connected with the Sonnets, but is careful not to register his own opinions. From the hasty conclusion that because sonnet sequences were the fashion Shakespeare must throughout have maintained a conventional impersonal attitude, we are duly warned, etc. Nor even at this day can we safely decide between the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke as the person addressed; though the bias of the general editors is betrayed by the inclusion as frontispiece of the Earl of Southampton's portrait. "A Lover's Complaint," which was issued in the Thorpe edition of the Sonnets in 1609 and there ascribed to Shakespeare, also forms a part of the present volume. "Henry VI," part ii. is edited by Prof. Charles H. Barnwell.

The last work to which the late Dr. Furnivall put his pen has been completed and issued by his disciple, Mr. John Munro, with the title "'The Troublesome Reign of King John': Being the Original of Shakespeare's 'Life and Death of King John.'" Dr. Furnivall's share of the editing runs to only a few pages, but we may be sure that his plans have been carefully followed. The difficult literary history of this old play is gone into minutely and its service to Shakespeare is fully stated. It is interesting to note that Mr. Munro, catching up a hint of Sir Sidney Lee's, makes out a fairly plausible case for the common authorship of "The Troublesome Reign" and the much-discussed "Leir." The present volume appears as a member of the Shakespeare Library, published by Duffield, of which Prof. I. Gollancz is general editor.

It is evident that both money and pains have been expended upon the production of "Much Ado About Nothing," which Charles Frohman has just made at the Empire Theatre—and for these acknowledgment is due—but the general result is a performance which cannot be ranked above the second rate. And this is in accordance with what might naturally have been expected. It is virtually impossible now to collect at will a company capable of dealing satisfactorily with either Elizabethan prose or blank verse. In the company assembled by Mr. Frohman there are many modern actors of more than common ability, but they proved absolutely incapable of giving to the text the life and color which properly belong to it. Innumerable passages were robbed of point and force by slovenly delivery. Moreover, the romantic spirit of the piece found no expression in the tameness and invariableness of the stage action of the modern school. John Drew, by far the greater part of whose professional life has been devoted to modern and semi-farcical social drama, was utterly unable to give to Benedick the authority, the brilliancy, or the distinction brought to it by actors of the calibre of Lester Wallack or Henry Irving. He was effective in the church and challenge scenes—where he emphasized the soldierly side of the character, but elsewhere indulged far too freely in his own mannerisms and the tricks of low comedy. In some respects his impersonation was inferior to that of E. H. Sothern. Nor was Laura Hope Crews equal to the part of Beatrice. She had nothing of the great lady about her, and her wit, ever suggestive of the carefully calculated impromptu, lacked fire and spontaneity. Her "Kill Claudio!" was but a feeble manifestation of outraged womanhood. The part is, as yet, too large for her in every way, but her attempt was intelligent. The Dogberry of Hubert Druce was not a bad embodiment, but the actor made the mistake of putting an excessive stress upon his verbal blunders, as if the constable were inventing them for his own amusement. Most of the players affected a modernity of speech and style which was ridiculously inappropriate to a piece of this romantic character. An amusing illustration of the fallacy of this device was afforded in the case of the Don John, the Bastard, who uttered his ferocious sentiments with a placidity of feature and serenity of tone which might have been comic if they had not been so stupid.

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Josef Stransky has procured for the New York Philharmonic the right of the first performance in America of Richard

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Strauss's latest work, a "Festival Prelude," for organ and orchestra. This score will have its first hearing at the inauguration of Vienna's new concert hall on October 19.

The house in which Wagner composed "Lohengrin" is not to be turned into a distillery after all. The King of Saxony, on hearing that this was to be done, expressed his disapproval, and the young Crown Prince, who is an enthusiastic Wagnerite, promptly took up the matter, about which he conferred with prominent artists. Furthermore, a wealthy Dresdener, who has given large sums to artistic projects, has announced his intention to purchase the "Lohengrin" house and convert it exclusively into a Wagner Museum.

The most important product of the Verdi centenary will be the publication of his correspondence. For sixty years (1840-1900) he habitually made sketches of the more important letters he wrote. These sketches, bound in five volumes, have been in the care of his niece, Mme. Carrara, since his death. She has also placed at the disposal of the publishers thousands of letters, telegrams, and cards sent to Verdi, including many by famous contemporaries. Among the treasures hoarded by Mme. Carrara is a "King Lear" libretto. During the last years of Verdi's life, there were occasional rumors that he was writing a "Lear" opera; but in truth he never got beyond the libretto, which he arranged himself. The oldest among the Verdi manuscripts is a "History of the Popes."

Verdi's Requiem Mass and three of his operas will be heard at Milan the coming season, the operas being "Falstaff" (with Scotti), the juvenile "Nabuco," and his first great success, "Ernani." The conductors will be Toscanini, Mancinelli, Mugnone, and Serafin. The last-named will have the honor of conducting "Parsifal."

Operatic competition does not seem to result in disaster in Paris. The management of the Grand Opéra reports an exceptionally favorable season, in spite of the rivalry not only of the Opéra-Comique, but of the newly founded Champs Elysées, the manager of which boasts of having taken in 1,213,620 francs at seventy performances. It is said that this manager, M. Astruc, has his eyes on the Grand Opéra when the seven-year lease of MM. Messager and Broussan has expired. Other candidates for the place are Gailhard and Gunsbourg. M. Astruc promises "Parsifal" in German, next January, with leading German artists. The Grand Opéra made a special arrangement with the German publishers, whereby it is enabled to use the orchestral parts four months before the copyright expires. The Opéra-Comique has also promised a "Parsifal," but it is not likely that this promise will be kept.

Ferruccio Busoni will leave Berlin in a few weeks to assume the directorship of the Bologna Conservatory of Music. He will also conduct the Bologna Symphony Orchestra, which consists of ninety players.

Maud Powell believes that women should play in symphony and other orchestras if they want the work. But "if they accept the work, they should be prepared to accept no privileges because of their sex." John C. Freund suggests that an orchestra of women should be established in New York with Maud Powell as conductor. Such an orchestra would not be a new thing. Women ensemble players are rapidly coming to the fore.

Gustav Mahler's version of Weber's "Oberon" has been produced successfully in Cologne. Weber wrote this opera hastily in order to keep his promise to a London manager. He intended to rewrite it, but died before he could begin the task. There is much entrancing melody in the opera, but the spoken dialogue marred it. Mahler changed this dialogue into recitative and melody, using Weber motives throughout. He wished to produce it in New York while he was one of the conductors of the Metropolitan, but got no encouragement.

The majority of the actors and actresses of the theatres in Germany have an income not exceeding $500 a year, while more than one-third of them earn only half that sum. Among the singers connected with the opera houses, there are a few stars who earn up to $10,000, or even more; but $1,500 is reckoned a very good income, even for those who take the leading parts. Chorus singers get at best $450 a year, but most of them earn much less than that. Dancers average about the same as the choristers, and, like them, they are kept busy eight or nine hours a day. Even solo dancers get only $500 to $750 a year. These figures are based on careful investigations by the *Reichs-Arbeitsblatt*.

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," which is an example of modern harmony without melody, will have its first production in an English version next season in the English provinces by Ernst Denhof's opera company. Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" also will be done in English. Six of Wagner's operas are included in Mr. Denhof's scheme, besides Gluck's "Orfeo," Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Strauss's "Elektra." Thomas Beecham will conduct some of these operas.

## Art

"Symbolism of Animals and Birds Represented in English Church Architecture," by Arthur H. Collins, is to be published by McBride, Nast & Co.

The fourth volume of Lanciani's "Storia degli Scavi di Roma" (Rome: Loescher), covers the period from 1566 to 1605, and the reign of six Popes, Pius V, Gregory XIII, Sixtus V, Gregory XIV, Innocent IX, and Clement VIII. From the standpoint of general history this was a half-century of unusual significance, for in it the position of the Papacy as a great temporal power was solidified, and the old régime of family Popes, who used their elevation to aggrandize their relations, was definitely superseded. From the standpoint of the archæologically inclined the period is less vividly interesting than those that preceded it. Only one work of ancient art of prime importance was then brought to light, the fresco of "the Aldobrandini marriage." But the investigation of the catacombs was inaugurated under Gregory XIII (1578) by the discovery on the Via Salaria of the first catacomb known to modern times, and many of the most prominent features of the Rome of the present day are due to the restless activity of Sixtus V. To him we owe, for example, the fan-like arrangement of streets that radiate from S. Maria Maggiore, the building of the Acqua Felice, the erection of obelisks, the placing of statues of Sts. Peter and Paul on the columns of Aurelius and Trajan, the reëstablishment of the statues of the Dioscuri before the Quirinal Palace. Against him, besides much else, must be reckoned the wanton destruction of the magnificent remains of the Septizonium of Septimius Severus at the southeast of the Palatine, and the removal of the ancient structures of the patriarchal palace by St. John Lateran. Sixtus cared much for his city, but little for antiquity. The municipal council voted him a statue for his services in the restoration of prosperity and public security; but when he died (1590), the magistrates announced the fact thus: "On this day our holy Lord Pope Sixtus V, amid universal joy and gratification, has ended his life"! The collection of ancient material for new building projects went merrily forward during this half-century, as it had done before, but the visible ruins of antiquity had already assumed by this time substantially their present aspect. Only the Baths of Caracalla, apparently on account of their remote and isolated situation, continued to be exposed to piratical devastation till a time within the memory of men yet living.

The runic crosses of Bewcastle and Ruthwell have been fertile matter of controversy. Especially the Ruthwell Cross bearing a portion of a poem on the legend of the cross has with many passed for one of the oldest monuments of the English language and decoration. Prof. Albert S. Cook devotes an elaborate monograph to the subject, "The Date of the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses," separately reprinted from The Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences by the Yale University Press. Professor Cook's conclusion is that the inscriptions, though archaic in form, contain also very late spellings, and can point to no early date. The figure sculpture and ornamentation suggest a date about the middle of the twelfth century. He supposes we have to do with monastic columns of Continental derivation set up by David I of Scotland. About the time of publication, Rivoira, in the *Burlington Magazine*, arrived at an identical conclusion on grounds solely archæological. His opinion has since been contested by Mr. Lethaby and Sir Martin Conway, both of whom assume the existence of an accomplished school of sculpture in Anglia in the seventh century. The existence of such a school is most doubtful, and nothing that these critics have advanced seems to us to offset the evidently late and Romanesque look of these crosses. Professor Cook seems to us to have made out his case. In fact, much additional evidence for his dating might have been got from paging over Westwood's facsimiles of manuscript miniatures. There are found exact parallels for the figures and for the interesting combination of geometrical and naturalistic ornament which we find on the Bewcastle Cross. Furthermore, it is hard to escape the conviction that the *rinceaux* on both crosses are specifically Romanesque and French. With the Coptic examples cited by Lethaby and Conway they have only the remotest connection. Again one who knows the French tomb-slabs of the twelfth century will see merely a vertical adaptation

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of familiar motives in these two crosses. No reversal of the conclusion reached by Professor Cook with fairly appalling thoroughness is to be expected.

To the Country House Library (McBride, Nast) are added two new volumes. Charles Edward Hooper, in his "Reclaiming the Old House," gives a great deal of sound advice to those who, with moderate means and some antiquarian taste, wish to establish themselves in modest country homes. He is probably justified in assuming, as he does, that people of this type are, as a rule, ignorant of methods of construction and have little knowledge of country life. His book contains a large number of plates, showing old, and often abandoned, houses that may be suitable for, or that have been so altered as to become, comfortable and attractive places of residence. Aymar Embury, 2d, in his "The Dutch Colonial House," gives us an attractive survey of the modes of construction, and the architectural forms, if they may be thus dignified, employed by the early Dutch farmer who settled in this country, illustrating his text with many good plates. Quaint and interesting as these examples are, we surely cannot afford to take them very seriously. Those of us who find the antique attractive are all too likely to overlook crudities, and even ugliness, in constructions which are old; and are thus prevented from the cultivation of good taste without which we can have no hope of advance in architectural design.

James Wall Finn, mural painter, died Wednesday in Giverny, near Paris. He was born in New York about forty-five years ago, and studied art here and in Paris. He worked for a while as an interior decorator for McKim, Mead & White, and for Carrere & Hastings. He decorated the Public Library, the Hotel Astor, the Knickerbocker Hotel, and the Century Theatre.

# Finance

## THE AUTUMN MARKETS.

This week the financial markets, here and abroad, entered on what is perhaps the most interesting period of the year. This is particularly true of the American markets, for the interior now begins to draw heavily on its New York balances. Last year the surplus reserve of New York banks, which had already been falling at the end of August, almost disappeared by September 7, and was raised to a respectable figure only by reducing loans $46,000,000 in three weeks. Call money rose in 1912 from 3½ per cent. at the end of August to 7 per cent. at the end of September. In 1906, September brought a deficit in New York bank reserves; in 1905, a September deficit was avoided only by a $73,000,000 loan reduction. Call money went to 7 per cent. at the end of September, 1905, and to 40 per cent. at the beginning of the month in 1906.

Four or five months ago it was very generally believed that a strain of great violence would be witnessed in the period now immediately before us. To take the most extreme predictions: Germany was, by autumn, to be in the grasp not only of extremely tight money, but of paralyzing industrial reaction. Paris was to be witnessing serious failures and defaults. London was to be fighting to keep its gold from being depleted by the demands of the other European markets. New York, and the United States as a whole, were to be drifting into some sort of financial panic.

Nobody pays attention to any of these predictions, now that we have really entered the period when they were to be fulfilled. But at just this particular juncture it should be interesting to point out why the predictions went astray, what has happened to change the situation from what it was in the first quarter of the year, and, not least of all, just what the financial history of the coming season is likely to be.

The predictions of the pessimists went astray, partly because they ignored some underlying elements of strength in the situation, partly because the fear of a general European war was not realized, partly because the progressive increase in certain burdens on credit was checked, and partly because outlying markets (in North and South America especially) were able to provide the gold which Europe needed to replenish its bank reserves. Several things have happened in line with these influences for good. It has turned out that general trade conditions, in America especially, but in Europe also, were much sounder than many people had supposed. Relations of the great neutral Powers in Europe have come out of the severest of tests more strongly harmonious than they were before.

London and, in a less degree, New York have laid a heavy repressive hand on the mass of new securities which, six months ago, were choking the markets; underwriters have consequently been getting rid of their holdings, and new issues have begun, even at London, to sell at a premium instead of a heavy discount, after their issue. Not only has the United States been able to spare $43,000,000 gold for Europe without inconvenience, but Brazil and Argentina have sent thirty to forty millions. As for the coming "American panic," the past few months have shown that panics do not come on a business community doing a conservative business, with merchants' shelves stocked only for immediate and peremptory needs. On the contrary, such a state of things means repeated quickening of legitimate industry.

When one comes down to prediction, the first fact of interest is that money rates were going lower, especially in New York, through the very month of August. That usually means a relaxing strain, a full preparation for autumn needs, and vanishing expectation of money stringency. Money should normally go higher in the autumn, even in an ordinary year. But London is now beginning to predict that the Bank of England rate will not rise this season above its present 4½ per cent.; it was 5 at the beginning of the year. Paris will probably continue to hunt for gold (unless the past year's money-hoarders solve the problem); in London and Berlin, however, the central banks are unusually strong.

The fact appears to be that nearly all of the world's great markets have prepared for autumn on the basis of the worst apprehensions of last spring. To a large extent, this would warrant the inference that they have overprepared. The first test of how far this overpreparation has gone should occur with this week's completion of the "quarterly settlements" at Berlin and elsewhere. The second should be witnessed when the traditional season for New York's heaviest shipments of currency to the interior begins—say a week or ten days hence. We shall then know how far the Treasury deposits have helped the situation. The third test possibly may come through a legitimate demand for gold imports to New York from Europe. It would be important to see how Europe would meet such a demand. If we have really easy money, and if our Government deposits find their proper lodging-place, we may need none of Europe's gold.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bindloss, Harold. Prescott of Saskatchewan. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Boylan, G. D. The Supplanter. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25 net.
Brooke, S. A. Ten More Plays of Shakespeare. Holt. $2.25 net.
Cantrell, J. A. Pleasure and Work. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Carlyle on Heroes, Hero-Worship. Edited, with notes, by H. S. Murch. Heath.
Clarke, J. M. The Heart of Gaspé: Sketches in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cohan, G. M. Broadway Jones, Novelized from the play by Edward Marshall. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Dudley, A. T. The Half-Miler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Eder, P. J. Colombia. Scribner.
Edgar, George. The Red Colonel. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Edwardes, George. The Count of Luxembourg. Novelized by Harold Simpson. $1.25 net.
Farmer, F. M. The Dinner Calendar for 1914. Sully & Kleinteich. 60 cents.
Foord, John. Life and Public Services of Andrew H. Green. Doubleday, Page.
Grimmelshausen, Hans von. The Adventurous Simplicissimus. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hale, E. E. The Man Without a Country, and Other Stories. (Pocket Edition.) Crowell.
Hay, Ian. Happy-Go-Lucky. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Jefferies, Richard. The Story of My Heart. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Kent, Oliver. The Heart's Gift. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Lloyd, Nelson. David Malcolm. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Lodge, William. Rules of Management. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $2 net.
Mason, A. B. Tom Strong, Boy-Captain. Holt. $1.25 net.

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Miller, William. The Ottoman Empire, 1801-1913. (Cambridge Historical Series.) Putnam. $2.50 net.
Milner, Lord. The Nation and the Empire: A Collection of Speeches and Addresses. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Montague, C. E. The Morning's War: A Romance. Holt. $1.35 net.
Münsterberg, Margarete. Anna Borden's Career. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Nicholson, Meredith. Otherwise Phyllis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Noyes, Ella. Salisbury Plain: Its Stones, Cathedral City, Valleys, and Folk. Dutton. $3 net.
Reed, C. A. The Theban Eagle and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Rittenberg, Max. Swirling Waters. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Sabatier, Paul. France To-day: Its Religious Orientation. Trans. from the second French edition by H. B. Binns. Dutton. $2 net.
Scott, G. F. Jean Cabot in the British Isles. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Seemann, Margarete. Sir John Davies. Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Stratton-Porter, Gene. Laddie: A True Blue Story. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Thomas, A. C. A History of England. Heath.
Tomlinson, E. T. The Boy Sailors of 1812. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Wray, A. W. Betty Tucker's Ambition. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.


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